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Bocquet Sc.

CHARLES the SECOND.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St.t & John Scott. 442 Strand.

MEMOIRS

5516

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT,

BY

COUNT A. HAMILTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

WITH

Notes and Illustrations.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

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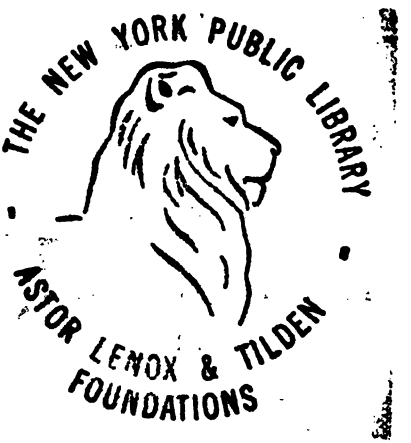
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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was going to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the Queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball: there she was; but fortu-

nately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had seen the least of, and whom he had heard most commended: this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at court before this instant. He asked her some questions, to which she replied: while she danced, his eyes were continually fixed upon her; and from that moment his resentment against Mrs. Middleton was entirely extinguished. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original from which all the ladies copied in

W N Gardiner fc.

MISS HAMILTON. LADY GRAMMONT.

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their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt, but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine

in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse, which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion: nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those

whose merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont became convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavour to please and engage her in his turn: his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained him attention; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old valet-de-chambre, called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss

Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The Queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the King, by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her: she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those, whom she had appointed to dance, had to represent different nations. She allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose, the taylors, the mantua-makers,

and embroiderers, were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, in a conjuncture so favourable, for turning into ridicule the vain fools of the court. There were two who were very eminently such: the one was Lady Muskerry, who had married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honour to the Duchess, called Blague.

The first, whose husband most assuredly never married her for her beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of fortune: she had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; but had a much better reason for limping,

for, of two legs uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other: a face suitable to this description completed the *tout ensemble* of this disagreeable figure.

Miss Blague was another subject for ridicule: her shape was neither good nor bad: her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity, and her complexion was the same all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eye-lashes, as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying any

thing, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the Marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself: Every body perceived their inclination for each other; but they had only conversed by mute interpreters, when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to intermeddle in their affairs.

She was willing to do every thing in order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. The two darling foibles of this lady were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was totally incompatible with her figure; and though her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at court: and the Queen had so much complaisance for the public, as always to make her dance; but

it was impossible to give her a part in an entertainment so important and splendid as this masquerade: however, she was dying with impatience for the orders she expected.

It was in consequence of this impatience, of which Miss Hamilton was informed, that she founded the design of diverting herself at the expence of this silly woman. The Queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton copied one of these notes exactly; for the purpose of sending to Lady Muskerry, with directions for her to be dressed in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her counsel to advise about the means of sending it: this cabinet was composed of one of her brothers and a sister, who were glad

to divert themselves at the expence of those who deserved it. After having consulted some time, they at last resolved upon a mode of conveying it into her own hands. Lord Muskerry was just going out, when she received it: he was a man of honour, rather serious, and austere, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's deformity was not so intolerable to him, as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the Queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerry as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had to expose herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been advising her very seriously to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the Queen

should have the cruelty to engage her in it: he then took the liberty to shew her how little resemblance there was between her figure, and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress were allowable. His sermon concluded at last, by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which they had no thoughts of giving her; but far from taking his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the Queen from doing her an honour she so ardently desired; and as soon as he was gone out, she determined to go and throw herself at her Majesty's feet to demand justice. She was in this very disposition when she received the forged billet: three times did she kiss it; and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to get

information of the merchants who traded to the Levant, in what manner the ladies of quality dressed in Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident of their effects, that she could believe any thing. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had wit, which he set off with common place talk, and with little songs: he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents. The Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit; and upon his authority, Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that

all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that taking this to herself, she always cast down her eyes in acknowledgement and consciousness. It was upon these observations they resolved to make a jest of her the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: 'Sire,' said he, 'of all the favours you have 'been pleased to shew me, since my 'arrival, I feel this more sensibly than 'any other; and to convince you of 'my gratitude, I promise you all the 'good offices in my power with Miss

'Stewart.' He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honour, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: 'Monsieur le Chevalier,' said he, 'in what style do you intend 'to dress yourself for the ball? I leave 'you the choice of all countries.' 'If 'so,' said the Chevalier, 'I will dress 'after the French manner, in order to 'disguise myself; for they already do 'me the honour to take me for an 'Englishman in your city of London. 'Had it not been for this, I should 'have wished to have appeared as a 'Roman; but for fear of embroiling 'myself with Prince Rupert, who so 'warmly espouses the interests of Alex-'ander against Lord Thanet, who de-

'clares himself for Cæsar, I dare no 'longer think of assuming the hero: 'nevertheless, though I may dance 'indifferently, yet, by observing the 'tune, and with a little alertness, I 'hope to come off pretty well; besides, 'Miss Hamilton will take care that too 'much attention shall not be paid to 'me. As for my dress, I shall send 'Termes off to-morrow morning; and 'if I do not shew you at his return 'the most splendid habit you have 'ever seen, look upon mine as the 'most disgraced nation in your mas-'querade.'

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey: and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could have got across the channel, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return.

Thus was he employed, until the very eve of the ball; and that was the day that Miss Hamilton and her little society had fixed for the execution of their project.

Military gloves were then very much in fashion: she had by chance several pairs of them: she sent one to Miss Blague, accompanied with four yards of yellow riband, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:

'You were the other day more 'charming than all the air women in 'the world: you looked yesterday still 'more fair than you did the day be-'fore: if you go on, what will become 'of my heart? But it is a long time 'since that has been a prey to your 'pretty little *young wild boar's eyes.* 'Shall you be at the masquerade to-'morrow? But can there be any charms

'at an entertainment, at which you 'are not present? It does not signify: 'I shall know you in whatever dis-'guise you may be: but I shall be 'the better informed of my fate, by 'the present I send you: you will 'wear knots of this riband in your 'hair; and these gloves will kiss the 'most beautiful hands in the universe.'

This billet, with the present, was delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other had been conveyed to Lady Muskerry. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of it, when the latter came to pay her a visit: something seemed to possess her thoughts very much; when, having staid some time, her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there: 'I desire your se-'cresy for what I am going to tell 'you,' said Lady Muskerry. 'Do not

'you wonder what strange creatures 'men are? Do not trust to them, my 'dear cousin: my Lord Muskerry, 'who, before our marriage, could have 'passed whole days and nights in see-'ing me dance, thinks proper now to 'forbid me dancing, and says it does 'not become me. This is not all: he 'has so often rung in my ears the sub-'ject of this masquerade, that I am ob-'liged to conceal from him the honour 'the Queen has done me, in inviting 'me to it. However, I am surprised 'I am not informed who is to be my 'partner. But if you knew what a 'plague it is, to find out, in this cursed 'town, in what manner the people of 'Babylon dress, you would pity me 'for what I have suffered since the 'time I have been invited; besides, 'the cost which it puts me to is be-'yond any thing you can imagine.'

Here it was that Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavoured to suppress it, at length overcame her, and broke out in an immoderate fit: Lady Muskerry took it in good part, not doubting but it was the fantastical conduct of her husband that she was laughing at. Miss Hamilton told her, that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her; although she could not comprehend, why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbid him to dance.

This conversation being finished,

Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavour to learn some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry came in, and taking Miss Hamilton aside; 'Do you know whe-'ther there is to be any ball in the 'city to-morrow?' 'No,' said she; 'but why do you ask?' 'Because, 'I am informed that my wife is 'making great preparations of dress. 'I know very well she is not to be at 'the masquerade; that I have taken 'care of: but as the devil is in her for 'dancing, I am very much afraid, that 'she will be affording some fresh sub-'ject for ridicule, notwithstanding all 'my precautions: however, if it was 'amongst the citizens, at some private 'party, I should not much mind it.'

They satisfied him as well as they

could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the next day, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for that morning, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess. This was just what she was wishing for: this lady and Miss Blague had been at variance some time, on account of Dongan, whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Though the maids of honour were not nominated for the masquerade, yet they were to assist at it; and consequently were to neglect nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, which she made a present of to her rival, with a

few knots of the same ribband, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, brown as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and promised to do herself the honour of wearing them at the ball. 'You 'will oblige me if you do,' said Miss Hamilton, 'but if you mention that 'such a trifle as this comes from me, I 'shall never forgive you; but,' continued she, 'do not go and rob poor 'Miss Blague of the Marquis Brisacier, 'as you already have of Dongan: I 'know very well that it is wholly in 'your power: you have wit; you speak 'French; and were he once to con-'verse with you ever so little, the 'other could have no pretensions to 'him.' This was enough: Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish: Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: every body was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised, to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point-lace, with the largest and best powdered peruque imaginable: his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: 'Chevalier,' said he, 'Termes is

'not arrived then?' 'Pardon me, Sire,' said he, 'God be thanked!' 'Why 'God be thanked!' said the king; 'has any thing happened to him on 'the road?' 'Sire,' said the Chevalier de Grammont, 'this is the history of 'my dress, and of Termes, my messen-'ger.' At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended; the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:

'It is now two days since this fel-'low ought to have been here, accord-'ing to my orders and his promises. 'You may judge of my impatience all 'this day, when I found he did not 'come: at last, after I had tired my-'self in bestowing imprecations upon 'him, about an hour ago he arrived, 'splashed all over from head to foot, 'booted up to the waist, and looking

'like a man excommunicated: Very
'well, you scoundrel, said I, this is
'just like you, you must be waited for
'to the very last minute, and it is a
'miracle that you are arrived at all.
'Yes, faith, said he, it is a miracle.
'You are always grumbling: I had
'the finest suit in the world made for
'you, which the Duke de Guise him-
'self was at the trouble of ordering.
'Give it me then, caitiff, said I. Sir,
'said he, if I did not employ a dozen
'embroiderers upon it, who did no-
'thing but work day and night, I am
'a rascal: I never left them one mo-
'ment. And where is it, you villain?
'do not stand here prating, while I
'should be dressing. I had, conti-
'nued he, packed it up, made it tight,
'and folded it in such a manner, that
'all the rain in the world could never
'have been able to penetrate it; and

'I rode post, day and night, knowing
'your impatience, and that you were
'not to be trifled with.——But where
'is it? said I. Lost, Sir! said he,
'clasping his hands. How, lost! cried
'I in surprise. Yes, lost, perished,
'swallowed up: what can I say more?
'What! was the packet-boat cast away
'then? Oh, indeed, Sir, a great deal
'worse, as you shall see, answered he:
'I was within half a league of Calais
'yesterday morning, and I was re-
'solved to go by the sea-side, to make
'greater haste; but, indeed, they say
'very true, that nothing is like the
'highway; for I got into a quicksand,
'where I sunk up to the chin. A
'quicksand, said I, near Calais! Yes,
'Sir, said he, and such a quick-sand,
'that, the devil take me, if they saw any
'thing but the top of my head when
'they pulled me out: as for my horse,

'fifteen men could scarce get him 'out; but the portmanteau, where I 'had unfortunately put your clothes, 'could never be found: it must be at 'least a league under ground.'

'This, Sire, continued the Cheva-'lier de Grammont, is the adventure, 'and the relation which this honest 'gentleman has given me of it. I 'should certainly have killed him, but 'I was afraid of making Miss Hamil-'ton wait, and I was desirous of giv-'ing your Majesty immediate advice 'of the quicksand, that your couriers 'may take care to avoid it.'

The King was ready to split his sides with laughing, when the Chevalier de Grammont resuming the discourse: 'à propos, Sire, I had forgot to 'tell you, that to increase my ill hu-'mour, I was stopped as I was getting

'out of my chair, by a devil of a phan-
'tom in masquerade, who would by
'all means persuade me, that the Queen
'had commanded me to dance with
'her; and as I excused myself with the
'least rudeness possible, she charged
'me to find out who was to be her
'partner, and desired me to send him
'to her immediately: so that your Ma-
'jesty will do well to give orders about
'it; for she has placed herself in am-
'bush in a coach, to seize upon all
'those who pass through Whitehall.
'However, I must tell you, that it is
'worth while to see her dress; for she
'must have at least sixty ells of gauze
'and silver tissue about her, not to
'mention a sort of pyramid upon her
'head, adorned with a hundred thou-
'sand baubles.'

This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share

in the plot. The Queen assured them, that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the King, having paused some minutes: 'I bet,' said he, 'that it is the Duchess of Newcastle.' 'And I,' said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, 'will bet it is 'another fool; for I am very much 'mistaken if it is not my wife.'

The King was for sending to know who it was, and to bring her in: Lord Muskerry offered himself for that service, for the reason already mentioned; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture: the jest would have gone much further than she intended, if the Princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

The ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the ex-

Bocquet Sc.

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

From a Print.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White, Fleet St. & John Scott 442 Strand.

pression, so long as they danced only slow dances; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world: but as the company was not numerous, they left the French, and went to country dances. When the maskers had danced some time, the King thought fit to introduce the auxiliaries, to give them a little respite: the Queen's and the Duchess's maids of honour were therefore called in to dance with the gentlemen.

Then it was that Miss Hamilton and her accomplices were at leisure to take notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet they had conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had its effect: she was more yellow than saffron: her fair locks were ornamented with the citron-coloured ribband, put there out of complaisance to

him; and, to inform him of his happiness, she often raised to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned: but, if they were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she felt very different sensations at seeing Miss Price partake with her in every particular of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, in consequence of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer; the Duke

of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the King, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart. Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances: Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she did. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently remarkable to divert the whole court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices, understood the joke perfectly. Their pleasure was soon made quite complete by the return of Lord Muskerry still more confounded at the vision, of which the Chevalier de Grammont had given the description; he acquainted

Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry herself, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had infinite trouble to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right: we will, therefore, pass to others.

Every thing favoured the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however, without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly

so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclination for her. He did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to listen to: but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favourite diversion, that sport employed him great part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence was sure to revive him, when he found her either with the Queen or the Duchess. There it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what his head was full of; telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoul-

dens, and other curious and entertaining adventures; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes closing involuntarily in the midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would admit her: on the contrary, as her highness had a great regard and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

The two Russels, uncle and nephew, were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals: the uncle was full sixty, and had distinguished himself by his courage and loyalty in the civil wars. His passion, and inten-

Bocquet sc.

LORD RUSSELL.

The Original in the Possession of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn.

Pub July. 1. 1808. by John White, Fleet St. & John Scott, 442, Strand.

tions with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both together; but his magnificence only displayed itself by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high-crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme: old Russel, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable. He was still more so by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally proscribed: but, what was most surprising in his character, was a singular mixture of avarice and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the lists with love.

His nephew was then only the cadet of his family, but was considered as his uncle's heir; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle

for an establishment, and still more so of humouring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his destiny. Mrs. Middleton shewed him a sufficient degree of preference; but her favours could not secure him from the influence of Miss Hamilton's charms. His person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, silent even to stupidity; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease with respect to his rivals, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable. Though his passion was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry,

which goes no farther than paying respect to real merit.

His mentor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion; and finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he even regretted those hours which he still bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they used to have together; and that this new attachment every where robbed him of himself.

'Monsieur le Chevalier,' said he, 'methinks that for some time you 'have left the beauties of this city 'and their lovers in perfect repose: 'Mrs. Middleton makes fresh con-'quests with impunity, and wears 'your presents, under your nose, with-'out your taking the smallest notice: 'poor Miss Warmestre has been very

'quietly brought-to-bed in the midst
'of the court, without your having
'even said a word about it. I foresaw
'it plain enough, you have got ac-
'quainted with Miss Hamilton, and,
'what has never before happened to
'you, you are seriously in love; but let
'us consider a little what may be the
'consequence. In the first place, then,
'I believe, you have not the least in-
'tention of seducing her: such is her
'birth and merit, that if you were in
'possession of the estate and title of
'your family, it might be excusable
'in you to offer yourself upon honour-
'able terms, however ridiculous mar-
'riage may be in general. If you
'only wish for wit, prudence, and the
'treasures of beauty, you could not
'pay your addresses to a more proper
'person; but for you, who possess only
'a very moderate share of the gifts of

'fortune, I know not where you could
'pay your addresses more improperly.
'For your brother Toulongeon,
'whose disposition I am acquainted
'with, will not have the complaisance
'to die, to favour your pretensions.
'Supposing however that you had a
'competent fortune for you both, and
'that is supposing a good deal, are you
'acquainted with the delicacy, not to
'say capriciousness, of this fair one
'about such an engagement? Do you
'know that she has had the choice of
'the best matches in England? The
'Duke of Richmond paid his addresses
'to her first; but though he was in
'love with her, he was mercenary:
'however, the king, observing that
'want of fortune was the only impe-
'diment to the match, took that article
'upon himself, out of regard to the
'Duke of Ormond, to the merit and

'birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her 'father's services; but, resenting that 'a nobleman, who pretended to be in 'love, should bargain like a merchant, 'and likewise reflecting upon his cha- 'racter in the world, she did not think 'that being duchess of Richmond was 'a sufficient recompence for the danger 'that was to be feared from a brute 'and a debauchee.

'Has not little Jermyn, notwith- 'standing his uncle's great estate and 'his own brilliant reputation, failed in 'his suit to her? And has she ever so 'much as vouchsafed to look at Henry 'Howard, who is upon the point of 'being the first duke in England, and 'who is already in actual possession of 'all the estates of the house of Nor- 'folk? I confess that he is a clown; 'but what other lady in England is 'there who would not have put up

'with his stupidity and his disagree-
'able person, to be the first duchess
'in the kingdom, with twenty-five
'thousand a year? . . . .

'To conclude, Lord Falmouth has
'told me himself, that he has always
'looked upon her as the only acquisi-
'tion wanting to complete his happi-
'ness; but that, even at the height of
'the splendour of his fortune, he never
'had had the assurance to disclose his
'sentiments to her; that he either felt
'in himself too much weakness, or too
'much pride, to be satisfied with ob-
'taining her solely through the influ-
'ence of her relations; and that, though
'the first refusals of the fair on such
'occasions are not much minded, he
'knew with what an air she had re-
'ceived the addresses of those whose
'persons she did not like. After this,
'Chevalier, consider what method you

'intend to pursue; for, if you are in 'love, your passion will still increase, 'and the greater your attachment, the 'less capable will you be of making 'those serious reflections which are 'still in your power.'

'My poor philosopher,' answered the Chevalier de Grammont, 'you un-'derstand Latin very well, you can 'make good verses, you understand 'the course, and are acquainted with 'the nature of the stars in the firma-'ment; but, as for the luminaries of 'the terrestrial globe, you are utterly 'unacquainted with them. You have 'told me nothing about Miss Hamilton 'but what the king told me three days 'ago. That she has refused the savages 'you have mentioned is an additional 'recommendation: if she had admitted 'their addresses, I would have had no-'thing to say to her, though I love her to

'distraction. Attend now to what I am 'going to say: I am resolved to marry 'her, and I will have my tutor Saint 'Evremond himself to be the first man 'to commend me for it. As for an 'establishment, I shall make my peace 'with the king, and will solicit him to 'make her one of the ladies of the 'bed-chamber to the queen: this he 'will grant me. Toulongeon will die, 'without my assistance, and notwith-'standing all his care; and Miss Ha-'milton will have Semeac, with the 'Chevalier de Grammont, as an in-'demnification for the Norfolks and 'Richmonds. Now, have you any 'thing to advance against this project? 'For I will bet you an hundred louis, 'that every thing will happen as I have 'foretold it.'

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public, that

every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king. God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart. She was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl of twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll: blind-man's buff was her most

favourite amusement: she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you might have seen her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal, and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal: he made songs, and invented old women's stories, with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so

much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the King to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and thought himself much more so than he really was: although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which she only bestowed on his mimicry and drollery: in short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he found himself completely mistaken; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss

Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse, that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her: however, the familiarity she had procured him with the king, paved the way to those favours to which he was afterwards advanced.

Lord Arlington took up the project which the duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and endeavoured to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit, and higher birth than himself, might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negociations were during the treaty of the Pyrennees: and though he was unsuccessful in his proceedings for his employer, yet he did not altogether lose his time; for he perfectly acquired, in his exterior, the serious air and pro-

found gravity of the Spaniards, and imitated pretty well their tardiness in business: he had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or rather by a small plaister, in form of a lozenge.

Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and martial air, which sets him off to advantage; but it was quite the contrary with him, and this remarkable plaister so well suited his mysterious looks, that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance, where great earnestness passed for business, and impenetrable stupidity for secrecy, had given himself the character of a great politician; and no one having leisure to ascertain the merit of his pretensions, he was taken at his word.

and had been made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his own importance.

His ambition soaring still above these high stations, after having provided himself with a great number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them: at the same time offering her his most humble services, and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God, and her virtue, to raise her. But he was only in the exordium of his oration, when she recollected that he was at the head of those, whom the duke of Buckingham used to mimic, and as his appearance and his language exactly revived the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear bursting out into a fit of

laughter in his face, so much the more violent as she had for a long time struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged: his pride became his post, but his punctilious behaviour merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it. He quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to lady Castlemaine, and to unite himself with her interests; or immediately to quit the court party, and declaim freely in parliament against the grievances of the state, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mistresses. His prudence however got the better of his resentment, and thinking only how to enjoy with pleasure the blessings of fortune, he sent to Holland for a wife, in order to complete his felicity.

Hamilton was, of all the cour-

tiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprize, in which the duke of Buckingham and lord Arlington had miscarried: it had frequently occurred to him; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions, and made him neglect the advantages which the success of this project would have ensured to him, in order unnecessarily to attend to the advances and allurements thrown out to him by the countess of Chesterfield. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though not very tall: her complexion was extremely fair, with all the expressive charms of a brunette: she had large blue eyes, very tempting and alluring: her manners were engaging: her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice

in point of sincerity. She was daughter to the duke of Ormond, and Hamilton being her cousin-german, they might be as much as they pleased in each other's company without being particular; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he entertained no other thoughts than how to please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles he had to encounter. The design, which we have just mentioned, of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart, no longer occupied his thoughts.

That lady now found herself in a situation to dispense with the advice of those who had presumed to give their opinion on the regulation of her conduct: she had done all that was necessary to inflame the king's passion, without committing her virtue by granting the last favours; but the ea

gerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favourable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to vanquish; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted, when the queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon reduced her to extreme danger. Then it was that she was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance she had made, though she had paid dearly for it: a thousand flattering hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her, contributed not a little to increase them. The queen was given over by her physicians: the few Portuguese women that had not been sent back to their own country, filled the court with doleful cries; and the good nature of the king was much affected with the situation in which he saw a

princess, whom, though he did not love, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him, that the concern he shewed for her death, was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort, who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her. At these words, she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him; and, however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is

between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the King's wonderful tenderness had an effect, for which every person was not equally thankful to heaven.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds: however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, endeavoured to regain the King's heart, but in vain, for notwithstanding the tenderness of her complaints, and the violence of her transports, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained: sometimes there were promenades, where the court beauties sallied out on horseback, to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their

abilities? at other seasons there were such spectacles on the river, as the city of London alone can afford. The Thames washes the sides of a large though not magnificent palace of the Kings of Great Britain: from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the park: an infinite number of open boats, filled with the gay and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were the Royal Family, to collations, music, and fireworks, formed part of their entertainment. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not put his own invention to task, to excite an agreeable surprise by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had completely cleared the

vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden, in the midst of these new pastimes. Sometimes he gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the King's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, and at others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one evening finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form, 'You must not,' said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier

de Grammont, be obliged to me for this visit. I come from the King's *coucher*, where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner, in which the King spoke of you, could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part, you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you, as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste. However, I am ordered by the King my master, to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favour of your sovereign, he gives you a pension of fifteen hundred Jacobus's: it is indeed a trifle, consider-

'ing the figure the Chevalier de Gram-
'mont makes among us; but it will
'enable him sometimes to give us a
'supper.'

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favour he did not think proper to accept: 'I acknowledge,' said he, 'the 'King's bounty in this proposal, but I 'am still more sensible of Lord Fal-'mouth's generosity in it, and I re-'quest him to assure his Majesty of 'my perfect gratitude; the King my 'master will not suffer me to want, 'when he thinks fit to recal me; and 'while I continue here I will let you 'see that I have still left wherewithal 'to give my English friends a supper 'now and then.'

At these words, he called for his strong box, and shewed him from seven to eight thousand guineas in solid gold.

Lord Falmouth, willing to turn to the Chevalier's advantage his refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Commings, their Ambassador at the English court, an account of it, and did Monsieur de Commings fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French Court.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London: nothing was so much in fashion during this fine weather, as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty. Every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes, or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither; and the King seemed pleased with the place.

Coaches with glasses were then a recent invention: the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of shewing all

most their whole persons, to the convenience of modern coaches: that which was made for the King, not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion, that something ingenious might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the modern. He therefore went away to Paris privately with all necessary instructions to Paris: the Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission, and the courier, having by the favour of Providence escaped the rocks and, in a month's time, brought safely ashore to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the King.

The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders, that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the

duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the King, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to every thing which could afford him pleasure, failed not to acknowledge it: he would not however accept a present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The Queen, imagining that so splendid a carriage would prove fortunate for her, wished to appear in it first, with the duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the King to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in, the first fine day, in Hyde Park: Miss Stewart had the same wish, and requested to have

it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the King was very much perplexed.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival was preferred: Miss Stewart threatened, that she never would be with child, if her request was not granted: this menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; but it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some portion of her virtue.

The Queen Dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, yet had no objection to them; being as usual diverted with this circumstance, took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Grammont, for having thrown this golden apple among such compe-

titors; and did not fail to give him, in the presence of the whole court, those praises which so magnificent a present deserved. 'But how comes it,' said she, 'that you have no equipage your-'self, though you are at so great an 'expence? for I am told that you do 'not even keep a single footman, and 'that one of the common runners in 'the streets lights you home with a 'stinking link.' 'Madam,' said he, 'the Chevalier de Grammont hates 'pomp: my link-boy, of whom you 'speak, is faithful to my service; and 'besides, he is one of the bravest fel-'lows in the world. Your Majesty is 'unacquainted with the nation of link-'boys: it is a charming one, I can as-'sure you: a man cannot step out in the 'night without being surrounded by 'a dozen of them. The first time I 'became acquainted with them, I re-

'tained all that offered me their ser-
'vices; so that when I arrived at
'Whitehall, I had at least two hundred
'about my chair: the sight was new,
'for those who had seen me pass with
'this illumination, asked whose funeral
'it was: these gentlemen, however,
'began fighting about some dozen shil-
'lings I had thrown among them; and
'he whom your Majesty mentions hav-
'ing beaten three or four of his com-
'panions, I retained him for his va-
'lour. As for the parade of coaches
'and footmen, I despise it: I have
'sometimes had five or six valets-de-
'chambre at once, without having a
'single servant in livery, except my
'chaplain Poussatin.' 'How!' said
'the queen, laughing, 'a chaplain in
'your livery! he surely was not a
'priest?' 'Pardon me, madam,' said
he, 'and the first priest in the world

'for dancing the Biscayan jig.' 'Che-
'valier,' said the King, 'Pray tell
'us the history of your chaplain Pous-
'satin.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'SIR,' said the Chevalier de Grammont, 'the Prince de Condé besieged 'Lerida: the place in itself was no-'thing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who 'defended it, was every thing. He 'was one of the Spaniards of the old 'stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud 'as all the Guzmans put together, and 'more gallant than all the Abencer-'rages of Grenada: he suffered us to 'make our first approaches to the place, 'without the least molestation. The 'Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim 'it was, that a governor, who at first 'makes a great blustering, and burns 'his suburbs in order to make a noble 'defence, generally makes a very bad 'one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's

'politeness as no good omen for us; 'but the prince, covered with glory, 'and elated with the campaigns of 'Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, 'to insult both the place and the go- 'vernor, ordered the trenches to be 'mounted at noon-day by his own re- 'giment, at the head of which marched 'four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had 'been to a wedding.

'Night approaching we were all in 'high spirits: our violins were playing 'soft airs, and we were comfortably 'regaling ourselves: God knows how 'we were joking about the poor go- 'vernor and his fortifications, both of 'which we promised ourselves to take 'in less than twenty-four hours. This 'was going on in the trenches, when 'we heard an ominous cry from the 'ramparts, repeated two or three times 'of, 'Alert on the Walls!' This cry

'was followed by a discharge of cannon
'and musketry, and this discharge by
'a vigorous sally from the besieged,
'who, after having filled up the trenches,
'pursued us as far as our grand guard.

'The next day Gregorio Brice sent
'by a trumpet a present of ice and
'fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly
'beseeching his highness to excuse his
'not returning the serenade which he
'was pleased to favour him with, as
'unfortunately he had no violins; but
'that if the music of last night was
'not disagreeable to him, he would
'endeavour to continue it as long as
'he did him the honour to remain be-
'fore the place. The Spaniard was as
'good as his word; and as soon as we
'heard, 'Alert on the walls,' we were
'sure of a sally, that cleared our
'trenches, destroyed our works, and

'killed the best of our officers and sol-
'diers. The prince was so piqued at
'it, that, contrary to the opinion of the
'general officers, he obstinately per-
'sisted in carrying on a siege, which
'was like to ruin his army, and
'which he was at last forced to raise
'abruptly.

'As our troops were retiring, Don
'Gregorio, far from giving himself
'those airs which governors generally
'do on such occasions, made no other
'sally, than sending a respectful com-
'pliment to the prince. Signor Brice
'set out not long after for Madrid, to
'give an account of his conduct, and
'to receive the recompense he had
'merited. Your Majesty perhaps will
'be desirous to know what reception
'he met with, after having per-
'formed the most brilliant action

'the Spaniards could boast of during 'the whole war—he was confined by 'the inquisition.'

'How!' said the Queen Dowager, 'confined by the inquisition for his 'services!' 'Not altogether for his 'services,' said the Chevalier; 'but 'without any regard to his services, 'he was treated in the manner I have 'mentioned, for a little affair of gal-'lantry, which I shall relate to the 'King presently.

'The campaign of Catalonia being 'thus ended, we were returning home, 'not overloaded with laurels; but as 'the Prince de Condé had laid up a 'great store on former occasions, and 'as he had still great projects in his 'head, he soon forgot this trifling mis-'fortune: we did nothing but joke 'with one another during the march, 'and the prince was the first to ridi-

'cule the siege: we made some of
'those rhymes on Lerida, which were
'sung all over France, in order to pre-
'vent others more severe; however,
'we gained nothing by it, for not-
'withstanding we treated ourselves
'freely in our own ballads, others were
'composed in Paris, in which we were
'ten times more severely handled. At
'last we arrived at Perpignan upon
'a holiday: a company of Catalans,
'who were dancing in the middle of
'the street, out of respect to the prince
'came to dance under his windows:
'Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black
'jacket, danced in the middle of this
'company as if he was really mad: I
'immediately recognised him for my
'countryman, from his manner of skip-
'ping and frisking about: the prince
'was charmed with his humour and
'activity. After the dance, I sent for

'him, and enquired who he was: a 'poor priest, at your lordship's ser- 'vice,' said he: 'my name is Poussatin, 'and Bearn is my native country: I 'was going into Catalonia to serve in 'the infantry, for God be praised, I can 'march very well on foot; but since 'the war is happily concluded, if your 'lordship pleases to take me into your 'service, I would follow you every 'where, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lord- 'ship has no great occasion for a chap- 'lain; but since you are so well dis- 'posed towards me, I will take you 'into my service.'

'The Prince de Condé, who was 'present at this conversation, was 'overjoyed at my having a chaplain. 'As poor Poussatin was in a very tat- 'tered condition, I had no time to 'provide him with a proper habit at

'Perpignan; but giving him a spare 'livery of one of the Marshal de Gram-'mont's servants, I made him get up 'behind the prince's coach, who was 'like to die with laughing every time 'he looked at poor Poussatin's unca-'nonical mien in a yellow livery.

'As soon as we arrived at Paris, 'the story was told to the Queen, who 'at first expressed some surprise at it: 'this, however, did not prevent her 'from wishing to see my chaplain 'dance; for in Spain it is not altoge-'ther so strange to see ecclesiastics 'dance, as to see them in livery.

'Poussatin performed wonders be-'fore the Queen; but as he danced 'with great sprightliness, she could 'not bear the odour which his violent 'motions diffused around the room: 'the ladies likewise began to pray for 'relief; for he had almost entirely got

'the better of all the perfumes and 'essences with which they were for- 'tified: Poussatin, nevertheless, re- 'tired with a great deal of applause, 'and some louis d'ors.

'Sometime afterwards I procured 'a small benefice in the country for 'my chaplain, and I have since been 'informed that Poussatin preached 'with the same ease in his village, as 'he danced at the wedding of his 'parishioners.'

The King was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the Queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery: the treatment of Gregorio Brice offended her far more; and being desirous to justify the court of Spain, with respect to so cruel a proceeding: 'Chevalier de Grammont,' said she, 'what heresy did Governor 'Brice wish to introduce into the

'state? What crime against religion 'was he charged with, that he was 'confined in the inquisition?' 'Ma-'dam,' said he, 'the history is not 'very proper to be related before your 'majesty: it was a little amorous fro-'lic, ill-timed indeed; but poor Brice 'meant no harm: a school-boy would 'not have been whipped for such a 'fault, in the most severe college in 'France; as it was only for giving 'some proofs of his affection to a 'young Spanish fair one, who had 'fixed her eyes upon him on a solemn 'occasion.'

The King desired to know the particulars of the adventure; and the Chevalier gratified his curiosity, as soon as the Queen and the rest of the court were out of hearing. It was very entertaining to hear him tell a story; but it was very disagreeable to

differ with him, either in competition, or in raillery: it is true that at that time there were few persons at the English court who had incurred his resentment. Russell only became occasionally the butt of his raillery, but even him he treated far more gently than he had been in the habit of treating a rival.

This Russell was one of the most furious dancers in all England, I mean, for country dances: he had a collection of two or three hundred in print, all of which he danced at sight; and to prove that he was not an old man, he sometimes danced until he was almost exhausted: his mode of dancing was like that of his clothes, for they both had been out of fashion full twenty years. The Chevalier soon perceived that the old gentleman was very much in love; but though he saw very well

that it only rendered him more ridiculous, yet he felt some concern at the information he received, of his intention of demanding Miss Hamilton in marriage; his concern, however, was not of long duration.

Russell, being upon the point of setting out on a journey, thought it was proper to acquaint his mistress with his intentions before his departure. The Chevalier de Grammont was a great obstacle to the interview he was desirous of obtaining of her; but being one day sent for to go and play at Lady Castlemaine's, Russell seized the opportunity, and addressing himself to Miss Hamilton, with less embarrassment than is usual on such occasions, he made his declaration to her in the following manner: 'I am 'brother to the Earl of Bedford: I 'command the regiment of guards: I

'have three thousand pounds a year,
'and fifteen thousand in ready money:
'all which, Madam, I come to offer to
'you, along with my person. One, I
'agree, is not worth much without the
'other, and therefore I put them toge-
'ther. I am advised to go to some of
'the watering places for something of
'an asthma, which, in all probability,
'cannot continue much longer, as I
'have had it for these last twenty
'years: if you look upon me as worthy
'of the happiness of belonging to you,
'I shall propose it to your father, to
'whom I did not think it right to
'apply, until I was acquainted with
'your sentiments. My nephew Wil-
'liam is at present entirely ignorant
'of my intention; but I believe he
'will not be sorry for it, though he
'will thereby see himself deprived of
'a pretty considerable estate; for he

'has great affection for me, and be-
'sides, he has a pleasure in paying his
'respects to you since he has per-
'ceived my attachment. I am very
'much pleased that he should make
'his court to me, by the attention he
'pays to you; for he did nothing but
'squander his money upon that coquet
'Middleton, while at present he is at
'no expence, though he frequents the
'best company in England.'

Miss Hamilton had much difficulty to suppress her laughter during this harangue: however, she told him, that she thought herself much honoured by his intentions towards her, and still more obliged to him for consulting her before he made any overtures to her relations: 'It will be time enough,' said she, 'to speak to them upon the 'subject, at your return from the wa-'ters; for I do not think it is at all

'probable that they will dispose of 'me before that time; and in case they 'should be urgent in their solicita- 'tions, your nephew William will take 'care to acquaint you; therefore you 'may set out whenever you think 'proper; but take care not to injure 'your health by returning too soon.'

The Chevalier de Grammont, having heard the particulars of this conversation, endeavoured as well as he could to be entertained with it; though there were certain circumstances in the declaration, notwithstanding the absurdity of others, which did not fail to give him some uneasiness. Upon the whole, he was not sorry for Russell's departure; and, assuming an air of pleasantry, he went to relate to the King, how Heaven had favoured him, by delivering him from so dangerous a rival. 'He is gone then, Chevalier?'

said the King. 'Certainly, sir,' said he; 'I had the honour to see him em-
'bark in a coach, with his asthma, and
'country equipage, his perruque à ca-
'lotte, neatly tied with a yellow ri-
'band, and his old fashioned hat co-
'vered with oil skin, which becomes
'him uncommonly well. I have now
'therefore only to contend with Wil-
'liam Russell, whom he leaves, as his
'representative with Miss Hamilton;
'and, as for him, I neither fear him
'upon his own account, nor his uncle's.
'He is too much in love himself, to
'pay attention to the interests of an-
'other; and as he has but one method
'of promoting his own, which is by
'sacrificing the portrait, or some love-
'letters of Mrs. Middleton, I have it
'easily in my power to counteract him
'in such kind of favours, though I con-
'fess I have pretty well paid for them.'

'Since your affairs proceed so pros-
'perously with the Russells,' said the King, 'I will acquaint you that you
'are delivered from another rival, much
'more dangerous, if he were not al-
'ready married: my brother has lately
'fallen in love with Lady Chesterfield.'
'How many blessings at once!' exclaimed Grammont: 'I have so many
'obligations to him for this incon-
'stancy, that I would willingly serve
'him in his new amour, if Hamilton
'was not his rival: nor will your ma-
'jesty take it ill, if I promote the in-
'terest of my mistress's brother in pre-
'ference to those of your brother.
'Hamilton, however,' said the King,
'does not stand so much in need of
'assistance, in affairs of this nature, as
'the Duke of York; but I know lord
'Chesterfield is of such a disposition,
'that he will not suffer men to quarrel

'about his wife, with the same pa-
'tience as the complaisant Shrews-
'bury; though he well deserves the
'same fate.' Here follows a true description of Lord Chesterfield.

He had a very agreeable countenance, a fine head of hair, an indifferent figure, and a worse air; he was not however deficient in wit. A long residence in Italy had made him ceremonious in his commerce with men, and jealous in his connexion with women: he had incurred the King's hatred on account of the strong attachment which had subsisted between him and Lady Castlemaine: it was reported that he had been in her good graces prior to her marriage; and as neither of them denied it, it was the more generally believed.

He had paid his devoirs to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Or-

E. Bocquet fc.

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

The Original Picture in Crayons in the Collection of the Earl of Harrington.

Pub. July. 1. 1806. by John White. Fleet St.t & John Scott. Strand.

mond, while his heart was still taken up with his former passion: the King's love for Lady Castlemaine, and the advancement he expected from such an alliance, made him press the match with as much ardour as if he had been passionately in love. He had therefore married Lady Chesterfield without loving her, and had lived some time with her in such coolness, as to leave her no room to doubt of his indifference. As she was endowed with great sensibility and delicacy, she suffered at this contempt: she was at first much afflicted with his behaviour, afterwards indignant at it; and, when he began to give her proofs of his affection, she had the pleasure of convincing him of her indifference.

They were upon this footing, when she resolved to cure Hamilton, as she had lately done her husband, of all his

remaining tenderness for Lady Castlemaine. For her it was no difficult undertaking: the company of Lady Castlemaine became disagreeable, from her unpolished manners, her ill-timed pride, her uneven temper, and extravagant humours; Lady Chesterfield, on the contrary, knew how to heighten her charms, with all the bewitching attractions in the power of a woman to invent, who wishes to make a conquest.

Besides all this, she had greater opportunities of making advances to Hamilton, than to any other: she lived at the Duke of Ormond's, at Whitehall, where, as was said before, he had free admittance at all hours. Her extreme coldness, or rather the disgust which she shewed, for her husband's returning affection, wakened his natural inclination to jealousy: he sus-

pected that she could not so very suddenly pass from anxiety to indifference for him, without some secret object of a new attachment; and, according to the maxim of all jealous husbands, he immediately put in practice all his experience and industry, in order to make a discovery which was to destroy his own happiness.

Hamilton, who knew his disposition, was, on the other hand, upon his guard, and the more he advanced in his intrigue, the more attentive was he to remove every degree of suspicion from the Earl's mind: he pretended to make him his confidant, in the most unguarded and open manner, of his passion for Lady Castlemaine: he complained of her caprice, and most earnestly desired his advice, how to succeed with a person whose affections he alone had entirely possessed.

Chesterfield, who was flattered with this discourse, promised him his assistance with greater sincerity than it had been demanded: Hamilton, therefore, was no further embarrassed than to preserve Lady Chesterfield's reputation, who, in his opinion, declared herself rather too openly in his favour. But whilst he was diligently employed in regulating, within the rules of discretion, the partiality she expressed for him, and in conjuring her to restrain her glances within bounds, she was receiving the advances of the Duke of York, and, what is more, making them favourable returns.

Hamilton thought that he perceived it, as well as every one besides; but he thought likewise, that all the world was deceived as well as himself: how could he trust his own eyes, as to what those of Lady Chesterfield betrayed for

this new rival? He could not think it probable, that a woman of her disposition could relish a man whose manners had a thousand times been the subject of their private ridicule: but what he judged still more improbable was, that she should begin another intrigue before she had put the finishing hand to that in which her own advances had engaged her. However, he began to observe her with more circumspection, and in consequence soon discovered that if she was not jilting him, at least the desire of doing so was not wanting. He took the liberty of telling her as much; but she answered him in so high a strain, and treated what he said so much like a phantom of his own imagination, that he became confused without being convinced: all the satisfaction he could procure from her, was her telling him,

in a haughty manner, that such unjust reproaches as his ought to have had a better foundation.

Lord Chesterfield had taken the same alarm; and being convinced, from the observations he had made, that he had found out the happy lover who had gained possession of his lady's heart, he was satisfied; and, without teasing her with unnecessary reproaches, he only waited for an opportunity to confound her, before he took his measures.

After all, how can we account for Lady Chesterfield's conduct, unless we attribute it to the disease incident to most coquettes, who, charmed with superiority, put in practice every art to rob another of her conquest, and spare nothing to preserve it?

But before we enter into the particulars of this adventure, let us take

N. W. Gardiner fc.

DUKE of YORK.

from the Original Picture by Sr. Peter Lely.

in the Collection of his Grace the Duke of Queensbury.

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a retrospect of the amours of his Royal Highness, prior to the declaration of his marriage, and particularly of what immediately preceded this declaration. It is allowable sometimes to drop the thread of a narrative, when real facts, not generally known, give such a variety to the digression as to render it excusable: let us see then how these things happened.

The Duke of York's marriage with the Chancellor's daughter was deficient in none of those circumstances which render contracts of this nature valid in the eye of heaven: the mutual inclination, the formal ceremony, witnesses, and every essential point of matrimony, had been observed.

Though the bride was no perfect beauty, yet, as there were none at the court of Holland who eclipsed her, the Duke, during the first endearments of

matrimony, was so far from repenting of it, that he seemed only to wish for the King's restoration, that he might have an opportunity of declaring it with splendour; but when he saw himself enjoying a rank which placed him so near the throne; when the possession of Miss Hyde afforded him no new charms; when England, so abundant in beauty, displayed all that was charming and lovely in the court of the King his brother; and when he considered he was the only prince, who, from such superior elevation, had descended so low, he began to reflect upon it. On the one side, his marriage appeared to him particularly ill-suited in every respect: he recollected that Jermyn had not engaged him in an intimacy with Miss Hyde, until he had convinced him, by several little circumstances, of the facility of suc-

ceeding: he looked upon his marriage as an infringement of the duty and obedience which he owed to the King: the indignation with which the court, and even the whole kingdom, would receive the account of his marriage, presented itself to his imagination, together with the impossibility of obtaining the king's consent to such an act, which for a thousand reasons he would be obliged to refuse. On the other side the tears and despair of poor Miss Hyde presented themselves; and, still more than that, he felt a remorse of conscience, the scruples of which began from that time to rise up against him.

In the midst of this perplexity, he opened his heart to Lord Falmouth, and consulted with him what method he ought to pursue: he could not have applied to a better man for his own

interests, nor to a worse for Miss Hyde's; for Falmouth strenuously maintained not only that he was not married, but that it was even impossible that he could ever have formed such a thought; that any marriage was invalid for him, which was made without the King's consent, even if the party was a suitable match: but that it was a mere jest, even to think of the daughter of an insignificant lawyer, whom the favour of his Sovereign had lately made a peer of the realm, without any noble blood, and chancellor, without any capacity; that as for his scruples, he had only to give ear to some gentlemen whom he could introduce, who would thoroughly inform him of Miss Hyde's conduct before he became acquainted with her; and provided he did not tell them that he was actually married to her, he

would soon have sufficient grounds to come to a determination.

The Duke of York consented, and Lord Falmouth having assembled both his council and his witnesses, conducted them to his Royal Highness's cabinet, after having instructed them how to act: these gentlemen were the Earl of Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killegrew, all men of honour; but who infinitely preferred the Duke of York's interest to Miss Hyde's reputation, and who, besides, were disgusted, in common with the whole court, with the insolent authority of the prime minister.

The Duke having told them, after a sort of preamble, that although they could not be ignorant of his affection for Miss Hyde, yet they might be unacquainted with the engagements his tenderness for her had induced him to

contract; that he thought himself obliged to perform all the promises he had made her; but as the innocence of persons of her age was generally exposed to court scandal, and as certain reports, whether false or true, had been spread abroad on the subject of her conduct, he conjured them as his friends, and charged them upon their duty, to tell him sincerely every thing they knew upon the subject, since he was resolved to make their evidence the rule of his conduct towards her. They all appeared rather reserved at first, and seemed not to dare to give their opinions upon an affair of so serious and delicate a nature; but the Duke having renewed his intreaties, each began to relate the particulars of what he knew, and perhaps of more than he knew, of poor Miss Hyde; nor did they omit any circumstance neces-

sary to strengthen their testimony. For instance, the Earl of Arran, who spoke first, deposed, that in the gallery at Honslaerdyk, where the Countess of Ossory, his sister in law, and Jermyn, were playing at nine-pins, Miss Hyde, pretending to be sick, retired to a chamber at the end of the gallery; that he, the deponent, had followed her, and having cut her lace, to give a greater probability to the pretence of the vapours, he had acquitted himself to the best of his abilities, both to assist and to console her.

Talbot said, that she had made an appointment with him in the chancellor's cabinet, while he was in council; and, that not paying so much attention to what was upon the table, as to what they were engaged in, they had spilled a bottle full of ink, upon a dispatch of four pages, and that the King's mon-

key, which was blamed for this accident, had been a long time in disgrace.

Jermyn mentioned many places where he had received long and favourable audiences: however all these articles of accusation amounted only to some delicate familiarities, or at most, to what is generally denominated the innocent part of an intrigue; but Killegrew, who wished to surpass these trivial depositions, boldly declared that he had had the honour of being upon the most intimate terms with her: he was of a sprightly and witty humour, and had the art of telling a story in the most entertaining manner, by the graceful and natural turn he could give it: he affirmed that he had found the critical minute in a certain closet built over the water, for a purpose very different from that of giving ease to the

pains of love: that three or four swans had been witnesses to his happiness, and might perhaps have been witnesses to the happiness of many others, as the lady frequently repaired to that place, and was particularly delighted with it.

The Duke of York found this last accusation greatly out of bounds, being convinced he himself had sufficient proofs of the contrary: he therefore returned thanks to these officious informers for their frankness, ordered them to be silent for the future upon what they had been telling him, and immediately passed into the King's apartment.

As soon as he had entered the cabinet, Lord Falmouth, who had followed him, related what had passed to the Earl of Ossory, whom he met in the presence chamber: they strongly

suspected what was the subject of the conversation of the two brothers, as it was long; and the Duke of York appeared to be in such agitation when he came out, that they no longer doubted that the result had been unfavourable for poor Miss Hyde. Lord Falmouth began to be affected for her disgrace, and to repent that he had been concerned in it, when the Duke of York told him and the Earl of Ossory to meet him within an hour at the chancellor's.

They were rather surprised that he should have the cruelty himself to announce such a melancholy piece of news: they found his Royal Highness at the appointed hour in Miss Hyde's chamber: a few tears trickled down her cheeks, which she endeavoured to restrain. The chancellor, leaning against the wall, appeared to them to

Basquet Sc.

LADY SOUTHESK.

From a Drawing after S.r Peter Lely.

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be puffed up with something, which they did not doubt was rage and despair. The Duke of York said to them, with that serene and pleasant countenance with which men generally announce good news: 'As you are the 'two men of the court whom I most 'esteem, I am desirous you should first 'have the honour of paying your com-'pliments to the Duchess of York: 'there she is.'

Surprise was of no use, and astonishment was unseasonable on the present occasion: they were however so greatly possessed with both surprise and astonishment, that in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life.

The next day the news was made public, and the whole court was eager

to pay her that respect, from a sense of duty, which in the end became very sincere.

The petits-maitres who had spoken against her, seeing their intentions disappointed, were not a little embarrassed. Women are seldom accustomed to forgive injuries of this nature; and, if they promise themselves the pleasure of revenge, when they gain the power, they seldom forget it: in the present case, however, the fears of these gentlemen were their only punishment.

The Duchess of York, being fully informed of all that was said in the cabinet concerning her, instead of shewing the least resentment, studied to distinguish, by all manner of kindness and good offices, those who had attacked her in so sensible a part; nor did she ever mention it to them, but in

order to praise their zeal, and to tell them, that nothing was a greater proof of the attachment of a man of honour, than his being more solicitous for the interest of his friend, or master, than for his own reputation; a remarkable example of prudence and moderation, not only for the fair sex, but even for those who value themselves most upon their philosophy among the men.

The Duke of York, having quieted his conscience by the declaration of his marriage, thought that he was entitled, by this generous effort, to give way a little to his inconstancy. He therefore immediately seized whatever he could first lay his hands upon: this was Lady Carnegy, who had already been in several other hands. She was still tolerably handsome, and her disposition, naturally

inclined to tenderness, did not oblige her new lover long to languish. Every thing coincided with their wishes for some time: Lord Carnegy, her husband, was in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he as *suddenly* returned with the *title of* Southesk, which his wife *detested*; but which she took more patiently than she received the news of his return. Some private intimation had been given him of the honour that was done him in his absence: nevertheless, he did not shew his jealousy at first: but, as he was desirous to be satisfied of the truth of the report, he kept a strict watch over his wife's actions. The Duke of York and her ladyship had, for some time, been upon such terms of intimacy, as not to pass their time in trifling; however, the husband's return obliged them to maintain some deco-

rum: the Duke therefore never went to her house, but in form, that is to say, always accompanied by some friend or other, to give the appearance of a visit.

About this time Talbot returned from Portugal: this connexion had taken place during his absence; and without knowing who Lady Southesk was, he had been informed that his master was in love with her.

A few days after his arrival, he was carried, merely to keep up appearances, to her house by the Duke; and after being introduced, and some compliments having been paid on both sides, he thought it his duty to give his Royal Highness an opportunity to pay his compliments, and accordingly retired into the anti-chamber, which looked into the street, and placed him-

self at the window to view the people as they passed.

He was one of the best meaning men in the world on such occasions; but was so subject to forgetfulness, and absence of mind, that he once forgot, and left behind him at London, a complimentary letter which the duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, and never recollected it till he was going to his audience.

He stood centinel, as we have before said, very attentive to his instructions, when he saw a carriage stop at the door, without being in the least concerned at it, and still less, at a man whom he saw get out of it, and whom he immediately heard coming up stairs.

The devil, who ought to be civil upon such occasions, forgot himself in

the present instance, and brought up Lord Southesk *in propriâ personâ:* his Royal Highness's equipage had been sent home, because my lady had assured him that her husband was gone to see a bear and a bull baiting, an entertainment in which he took great delight, and from whence he seldom returned until it was very late; so that Southesk, not seeing any equipage at the door, little imagined that he had such good company in his house; but if he was surprised to see Talbot carelessly lolling in his wife's anti-chamber, his surprise was soon over. Talbot, who had not seen him since they were in Flanders, and never supposing that he had changed his name: 'Wel-'come, Carnegy, welcome, my good 'fellow,' said he, giving him his hand, 'where the devil have you been, that 'I have never been able to set eyes on

'you since we were at Brussels? What 'business brought you here? Do you 'likewise wish to see Lady Southesk? 'If this is your intention, my poor 'friend, you may go away again; for 'I must inform you, the Duke of York 'is in love with her, and I will tell 'you in confidence, that at this very 'time he is in her chamber.'

Southesk, confounded as one may suppose, had no time to answer all these fine questions: Talbot, therefore, attended him down stairs as his friend; and, as his humble servant, advised him to seek for a mistress elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do at that time, returned to his carriage; and Talbot, overjoyed at the adventure, impatiently waited for the Duke's return, that he might acquaint him with it; but he was very much surprised to find that the story afforded

no pleasure to those who had the principal share in it; and took it in dudgeon, that the animal Carnegy had changed his name, as if only to draw him into such a confidence.

This accident broke off a commerce, which the Duke of York did not much regret; and indeed it was happy for him that he became indifferent; for the traitor Southesk meditated a revenge, whereby, without using either assassination or poison, he would have obtained some satisfaction upon those who had injured him, if the connexion had continued any longer.

He went to the most infamous places, to seek for the most infamous disease, which he met with; but his revenge was only half completed; for after he had gone through every remedy to get quit of it, his lady did

but return him his present, having no more connexion with the person for whom it was so industriously prepared.

Lady Robarts was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet notwithstanding the brightness of her fine complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring desire, she was not attractive. The Duke of York, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not opposed themselves to his good intentions. Lord Robarts, her husband, was an old snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and, to complete her misery, a perpetual attendant on her person.

She perceived his Royal Highness's

F. Bartolozzi Sculp.

LADY ROBARTS.

From the Original by Sr P. Lely. in the College at Stratford on Avon.

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attachment to her, and seemed as if she was inclined to be grateful: this redoubled his eagerness, and every outward mark of tenderness he could possibly shew her; but the watchful husband redoubling his zeal and assiduity, as he found the approaches advance, every art was practised to render him tractable: several attacks were made upon his avarice and his ambition. Those who possessed his confidence, insinuated to him, that it was his own fault, if Lady Robarts, who was so worthy of belonging to the court, was not received into some considerable post, either about the queen or the duchess. He was offered to be made Lord Lieutenant of the county where his estate was; or to have the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland, of which he should have the entire disposal, provided he im-

mediately set out to take possession of his charge; and having accomplished it, he might return as soon as ever he thought proper.

He perfectly well understood the meaning of these proposals, and was fully apprised of the advantages he might reap from them: in vain did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements; he was deaf to all their temptations, nor could ever the old fellow be persuaded to be made a cuckold. It is not always an aversion to, or a dread of this distinction, which preserves us from it: of this Robarts was very sensible; therefore, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest, until the highest mountains in Wales were between his wife, and the person who

had designed to perform this miracle in London, after his departure.

The duke was for some time entirely taken up with the pleasures of the chace, and only now and then engaged in those of love; but his taste having undergone a change in this particular, and the remembrance of Lady Robarts wearing off by degrees, his eyes and wishes were turned towards Miss Brook; and it was in the height of this pursuit, that Lady Chesterfield threw herself in his way, as we shall see, by resuming the sequel of her adventures.

The Earl of Bristol, ever restless and ambitious, had put in practice every art to possess himself of the king's favour. As this is the same Digby whom Count Bussy mentions in his annals, it will be sufficient to say, that he was not at all changed:

he knew that love and pleasure had entire possession of a master, whom he himself governed in defiance of the chancellor; thus, he was continually giving entertainments at his house, and luxury and elegance seemed to rival each other in those nocturnal feasts, which always lead to other enjoyments. The two Miss Brooks, his relations, were always of those parties: they were both formed by nature to excite love in others, as well as to be susceptible of it themselves; they were just what the king wanted. The Earl, from this commencement, was beginning to entertain a good opinion of his project, but Lady Castlemaine, who had recently gained entire possession of the king's heart, was not in a humour, at that time, to share it with another, as she did very indiscreetly afterwards, with Miss Stewart.

Bocquet fe

MISS BROOKS. LADY WHITMORE.

From an Original in the Poſſeſsion of S.r Brook Boothby Bar.t

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet S.t & John Scott Strand.

S.r JOHN DENHAM.

From the Original in the Coll.n of the Earl of Chesterfield.

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As soon, therefore, as she received intimation of these secret practices, under pretence of attending the king in his parties, she entirely disconcerted them; so that the earl was obliged to lay aside his projects, and Miss Brook to discontinue her advances. The king did not even dare to think any more on this subject; but his brother was pleased to look after what he neglected; and Miss Brook accepted the offer of his heart, until it might please heaven to dispose of her otherwise, which happened soon after in the following manner.

Sir John Denham, loaded with wealth as well as years, had passed his youth in the midst of those pleasures which people at that age indulge in without scruple. He was one of the brightest geniuses England ever produced for wit and humour: satirical

and free in his poems, he spared neither frigid writers, nor jealous husbands, nor even their wives. Every part of his works abounded with the most happy turns of expression, and the most entertaining stories; but his most delicate and spirited raillery turned generally against matrimony; and, as if he wished to confirm, by his own example, the truth of what he had written in his youth, he married, at the age of seventy-nine, this Miss Brook of whom we are speaking, who was only eighteen.

The Duke of York had rather neglected her for some time before; but the circumstance of so unequal a match rekindled his ardour. She, on her part, suffered him to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed her granting him before her marriage.

She wished to belong to the court; and for the promise of being made lady of the bed-chamber to the duchess, she was upon the point of making him another, or of immediately fulfilling it, when, in the middle of this treaty, Lady Chesterfield was tempted by her evil genius to step in and rob her of her conquest.

However, as Lady Chesterfield could not see the Duke of York except in public assemblies, she was under the necessity of making the most unguarded advances, in order to seduce him from his former connection; and as he was the least circumspect ogler of his time, the whole court was informed of the intrigue before it was well begun.

The persons who appeared the most attentive to their conduct, were not the least interested in it. Hamilton

and Lord Chesterfield watched them narrowly; but Lady Denham, vexed that Lady Chesterfield should have stepped in before her, took the liberty of railing against her rival with the greatest bitterness. Hamilton had hitherto flattered himself, that vanity alone had engaged Lady Chesterfield in this adventure; but he was soon undeceived, whatever her indifference might have been when she first commenced this intrigue. We often proceed farther than we at first intended, when we indulge ourselves in trifling liberties, which we think of no consequence; for though perhaps the heart takes no part at the beginning, it seldom fails to be engaged in the end.

The court, as we have mentioned before, was an entire scene of gallantry and amusements, with all the polite-

ness and magnificence, which the inclinations of a prince, naturally addicted to gallantry and pleasure, could suggest. The beauties were desirous of charming, and the men endeavoured to please; all studied to set themselves off to the best advantage: some distinguished themselves by dancing; others by shew and magnificence; some by their wit, many by their amours, but few by their constancy. There was a certain Italian at court, named Francisco Corbeta, famous for his performance upon the guitar: he had a genius for music, and he was the only man who had ever been able to make any thing of the guitar. But his style of play was so full of grace and tenderness, that he would have given harmony to the most discordant instruments. The truth is, nothing was so difficult as to play like this

foreigner. The king's relish for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into fashion, that every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilet, as rouge or patches. The Duke of York played upon it tolerably well, and the Earl of Arran like Francisco himself. This Francisco had composed a saraband, which either charmed or infatuated every person; for the whole of the musical amateurs of the court were trying at it, and God knows what an universal strumming there was. The Duke of York, pretending not to be perfect in it, desired Lord Arran to play it to him. Lady Chesterfield had the best guitar in England. The Earl of Arran, who was desirous of playing his best, conducted his Royal Highness to his sister's apartments: she was lodged at

court, at her father's the Duke of Ormond's, and this wonderful guitar was lodged there too. Whether this visit had been preconcerted or not, I do not pretend to say; but it is certain that they found both the lady and the guitar at home. They likewise found there Lord Chesterfield, so much surprised at this unexpected visit, that it was a considerable time before he thought of rising from his seat, to receive them with due respect.

Jealousy, like a malignant vapour, now seized upon his brain: a thousand suspicions, of the blackest kind, took possession of his imagination, and were continually increasing; for whilst the brother played upon the guitar, the sister ogled and accompanied him with her eyes, as if the coast had been clear, and no enemy to observe them. This

saraband was at least repeated twenty times: the duke declared it was played to perfection: Lady Chesterfield found fault with the composition; but her husband, who clearly perceived that he was the person played upon, thought it a most detestable piece. However, though he was in the greatest agony, at being obliged to curb his passion, while they appeared not to be under the least restraint, he was determined to see the end of the visit; but that satisfaction was denied him. For having the honour to be chamberlain to the queen, a messenger came to require his immediate attendance on her majesty. His first thought was to pretend sickness: the second to suspect that the queen, who sent for him at such an unseasonable moment, was in the plot; but at last, with all the

extravagant ideas of a suspicious man, and all the irresolutions of a jealous husband, he was obliged to go.

We may easily imagine what his state of mind was, when he arrived at the palace. Alarms are to the jealous, what disasters are to the unfortunate: they seldom come alone, but form a series of persecution. He was informed that he was sent for to attend the queen at an audience she gave to seven or eight ambassadors from the Czar of Muscovy: he had scarce begun to curse the Muscovites, when his brother-in-law appeared, and drew upon himself all the imprecations he was previously bestowing upon the embassy. He no longer doubted his being in the plot with the two persons he had left together; and in his heart sincerely wished him all the recompence which such good offices de-

served. It was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained himself from immediately acquainting him what was his opinion of such conduct. He thought, that what he had already seen was a sufficient proof of his wife's infidelity; but before the end of the very same day, some circumstances occurred, which increased his suspicions, and persuaded him, that they had taken advantage of his absence, and of the honourable officiousness of his brother-in-law. He passed that night with tranquillity; but the next morning, being reduced to the necessity either of bursting or giving vent to his sorrows and conjectures, he did nothing but think and walk about until Park-time. He went to court, seemed very busy, as if seeking for some person or other, imagining that people guessed at the subject of his

uneasiness: he avoided every body; but at length meeting with Hamilton, he thought he was the very man that he wanted; and having requested him to take an airing with him in Hyde Park, he took him into his carriage; and they arrived at the ring, without having exchanged a syllable.

Hamilton, who saw him as yellow as jealousy itself, and particularly thoughtful, imagined that he had just discovered what all the world had perceived long before; when Chesterfield, after a broken insignificant preamble, asked him how he succeeded with Lady Castlemaine. Hamilton, who very well saw that he meant nothing by this question, nevertheless thanked him; and as he was thinking of an answer: 'Your cousin,' said the earl, 'is extremely coquettish, and I 'have some reason to suppose she is

'not so prudent as she ought to be.' Hamilton thought the last charge a little too severe, and was preparing to refute it: 'Good God,' said Chesterfield, 'you see, as well as the whole 'court, what airs she gives herself. 'Husbands are always the last people 'that are spoken to about affairs that 'concern them the most; but they 'are not always the last to perceive it: 'though you have made me your con-'fidant in other matters, yet I am not 'at all surprised you have concealed 'this from me: but as I flatter myself 'with having some share in your 'esteem, I should be sorry you should 'think me such a fool as to be inca-'pable of seeing, though I am so com-'plaisant as not to express my senti-'ments. Nevertheless, I find that 'matters are now carried to such a 'length, that I shall be compelled to

'take some decisive measures. God 'forbid that I should act the ridiculous 'part of a jealous husband: the cha- 'racter is odious; but then I do not 'intend, through an excess of pa- 'tience, to be made the jest of the 'whole town. From what I am going 'to tell you, I will leave you to judge 'whether I ought to sit down uncon- 'cerned, or to take measures for the 'preservation of my honour.

'His highness honoured me yester- 'day by a visit to my wife.' Hamilton started at this beginning. 'Yes,' continued the other, 'he did give 'himself that trouble, and Lord Arran 'took upon himself that of bringing 'him: do not you wonder, that a man 'of his birth should act such a part? 'What advancement can he expect 'from one who employs him in such 'base services? But we have long

'known him to be one of the silliest 'creatures in England, with his guitar, 'and his other whims and follies.' After this short sketch of his brother-in-law's character, he began to relate the observations he had made during the visit, and asked Hamilton what he thought of his cousin Arran, who had so obligingly left them together. 'Does not it surprise you?' continued he; 'but hear me out, and judge 'whether I have reason to think that 'this pretty visit terminated in perfect 'innocence. Lady Chesterfield is ami-'able, it must be acknowledged; but 'she is far from being such a miracle 'of beauty as she supposes herself: 'you know she has ugly feet; but 'perhaps you are not acquainted that 'she has still worse legs.' ('Pardon 'me,' said Hamilton inwardly, and the other continuing the description,)

'her legs are short and thick; and to 'remedy these defects as much as pos-'sible, she seldom wears any other than 'green stockings.'

Hamilton could not for his life imagine the drift of all this discourse, and Chesterfield guessing his thoughts, continued: 'Have a little patience: I 'went yesterday to Miss Stewart's 'after the audience of those damned 'Muscovites: the king was there just 'before me; and as if the duke had 'sworn to pursue me that day where-'ever I went, he came in just after 'me. The conversation turned upon 'the extraordinary appearance of the 'ambassadors. I know not where 'that fool Crofts had heard that the 'Muscovites had all handsome wives; 'and that all their wives had hand-'some legs. Upon this the king 'maintained, that no woman ever had

'such handsome legs as Miss Stewart; 'and she, to prove the truth of his 'majesty's assertion, with the greatest 'imaginable ease, immediately shewed 'her leg above the knee. Some were 'ready to prostrate themselves, in 'order to adore its beauty; for indeed 'nothing can be handsomer; but the 'duke alone began to criticise upon 'it. He contended that it was too 'slender, and that for his own part he 'would give nothing for a leg that 'was not thicker and shorter, and con-'cluded by saying, that no leg was 'worth any thing without green stock-'ings: now this, in my opinion, was a 'sufficient demonstration that he had 'just seen green stockings, and had 'them fresh in his remembrance.'

Hamilton was at a loss what countenance to put on, during a narrative which raised in him nearly the same

conjectures: he shrugged up his shoulders, and faintly said, that appearances were often deceitful; that Lady Chesterfield had the foible of all beauties, who pique themselves on the number of their admirers; and that whatever airs she might imprudently have given herself, in order not to discourage the duke, there was no ground to suppose that she would indulge him in any greater liberties to engage him. In vain was it that he endeavoured to give that consolation to his friend, which he did not feel himself. Chesterfield plainly perceived he did not think of what he was saying; however he expressed himself much obliged to him for the interest he appeared to take in his concerns.

Hamilton was in haste to go home to vent his spleen and resentment in a letter to his cousin: the style of this

billet was very different from that which he was in the habit of using to her: reproaches, bitter expostulations, tenderness, menaces, and all the effusions of a lover, who thinks he has reason to complain, composed this epistle, which, for fear of accidents, he went to deliver himself.

He found her at home, and never before did she appear so lovely, or her eyes speak so kindly to him as at that moment: his heart quite relented; but he was determined not to throw away all the fine things he had said in his letter. In receiving it, she squeezed his hand: this action completely disarmed him, and he would have given his life to have had his letter again. It appeared to him at this instant, that all the grievances he complained of were visionary and groundless. He looked upon her husband as a madman

and an impostor, and quite the reverse of what he supposed him to be a few minutes before; but this remorse came a little too late. He had delivered his billet; and Lady Chesterfield had shewn such impatience and eagerness to read it as soon as she had got it, that all circumstances seemed to conspire to justify her, and to confound him. She managed to get quit in one way or other of some troublesome visitors, to slip into her closet. He thought himself so culpable, that he had not the confidence to wait her return: he withdrew with the rest of the company, and did not dare to appear before her the next day, to have an answer to his letter: however he met her at court; and this was the first time, since the commencement of their amour, that he did not seek for her. He stood at a distance, with

downcast looks, and appeared in such a state of embarrassment, as was sufficient to excite emotions of risibility or compassion, when Lady Chesterfield approaching, thus accosted him: 'Con-'fess that you are in as foolish a situa-'tion as any man of sense can be: you 'wish you had not written to me: you 'are desirous of an answer: you hope 'for none: yet, you equally wish for 'and dread it: I have however written 'you one.' She had not time to say more; but the few words she had spoken were accompanied with such an air, and such a look, as to make him believe that it was Venus with all her graces who was addressing him. He was near her when she sat down to cards, and as he was puzzling himself to devise by what means he should get this answer, she desired him to lay her gloves and fan down

somewhere. He took them, and with them the billet in question; and as he had perceived nothing severe or angry in her manner towards him, he hastened to open it, and read as follows:

'Your transports are so ridiculous, 'that it is doing you a favour to attri- 'bute them to an excess of tenderness, 'which turns your brain: a man must 'have a strong inclination to be jea- 'lous, to entertain such an idea of the 'person you mention. Good God! 'what a lover to have caused uneasi- 'ness to a man of genius! and what a 'genius, to have got the better of 'mine! Are not you ashamed to give 'credit to the dreams of a jealous fel- 'low, who brought nothing else with 'him from Italy? Is it possible, that 'the story of the green stockings, upon 'which he has founded his suspicions, 'should have imposed upon you, ac-

'companied as it is with such pitiful 'circumstances? Since he has made 'you his confidant, why did not he 'boast of breaking in pieces my poor 'harmless guitar? This exploit, per- 'haps, would have satisfied you more 'than any thing. Recollect yourself, 'however, and if you are really in love 'with me, thank fortune for this 'groundless jealousy, which diverts to 'another quarter the attention he 'might pay to my attachment for the 'most amiable and the most dangerous 'man of the court.'

Hamilton was ready to weep for joy at these endearing marks of kindness, of which he thought himself altogether unworthy. He was not satisfied with kissing, rapturously, every part of this billet: he also kissed several times her gloves and her fan. Play being over, Lady Chesterfield received

them from his hands, and read in his eyes the joy that her billet had raised in his heart. Nor was he satisfied with expressing his raptures only by looks: he hastened home, and wrote to her at least four times as much. How different was this letter from the other! though perhaps not so well written; for the same wit is not displayed in suing for pardon, as in venting reproaches, and it seldom happens that the style of tenderness in a letter, is so impressive as that of satire and invective.

Be that as it may, his peace was made: their past quarrel gave new life to their correspondence; and Lady Chesterfield, to make him as easy as he had before been distrustful, expressed on every occasion a feigned contempt for his rival, and a sincere aversion for her husband.

So great was his confidence in her, that he consented to her shewing in public some marks of attention to the duke, in order to conceal as much as possible their private intelligence. Thus, at this time nothing disturbed his peace of mind, but impatience to find a favourable opportunity for the completion of his desires: he thought it was in her power to command it; but she excused herself on account of several difficulties which she enumerated to him, and which she was desirous of removing by his industry and attentions.

This silenced his complaints; but whilst he was endeavouring to surmount these obstacles, still wondering how it was possible that two persons who were so well disposed to each other, and who were agreed to make each other happy, could not put their

designs in execution, accident discovered an unexpected adventure, which left him no room to doubt, either of the happiness of his rival, or of the treachery of his mistress.

Misfortunes often fall light, when most feared; and frequently prove heaviest when merited, and when least foreseen. Hamilton was in the middle of the most tender and passionate letter he had ever written to Lady Chesterfield, when her husband came to announce to him the particulars of this last discovery: he came so suddenly into his apartment, that he had only just time to conceal his amorous epistle among his other papers. His heart and mind were still so full of what he had been writing to his cousin, that her husband's complaints against her, at first, were scarce attended to; besides, in his opinion, he had come at

the most unfortunate moment on all accounts.

He was, however, obliged to listen to him, and the first sentence he heard made him entertain quite different sentiments: his eyes gradually opened, while the earl related to him circumstances of such extravagant indiscretion, as seemed to him almost incredible, had not the minuteness of the particulars left him little reason to doubt the truth of them. 'You have 'reason to be surprised at it,' said Lord Chesterfield, concluding his story; 'but if you doubt the truth of what I 'tell you, it will be easy for you to 'find evidence that will convince you; 'for the scene of their tender familiarities, was no less public than the 'room where the queen plays at cards, 'which, at that time, was, God knows, 'pretty well crowded. Lady Denham

'was the first who discovered what 'they thought would pass unperceived 'in the crowd; and you may very well 'judge how secret she would keep 'such a circumstance. The truth is, 'she addressed herself to me first of 'all, as I entered the room, to tell me 'that I should give my wife a little 'advice, as other people might take 'notice of what I might see myself, if 'I pleased.

'Your cousin was at play as I be-'fore told you: the duke was sitting 'next to her: I know not what was 'become of his hand; but I am sure 'that no one could see his arm below 'the elbow: I was standing behind 'them, in the place that Lady Denham 'had just quitted: the duke turning 'round perceived me, and was so much 'disturbed at my presence, that he 'almost undressed my lady in pulling

'away his hand. I know not whether
'they perceived that they were dis-
'covered; but of this I am convinced,
'that Lady Denham will take care that
'every body shall know it. I must
'confess to you, that my embarrass-
'ment is so great, that I cannot find
'words to express what I now feel: I
'should not hesitate one moment what
'course to take, if I was at liberty to
'shew my resentment against the per-
'son who has wronged me. As for
'her, I could manage her well enough,
'if, unworthy as she is of any con-
'sideration, I had not still some re-
'gard for an illustrious family, that
'would be distracted were I to resent
'such an injury in the manner it de-
'serves. In this last respect you are
'interested yourself; you are my
'friend, and I make you my confidant
'in an affair of the greatest imaginable

'delicacy: give me your opinion 'therefore what is proper to be done 'in so perplexing and disagreeable a 'situation.'

Hamilton, if possible, more astonished, and more confounded than the unfortunate husband, was far from being in a proper state to afford him advice on the present occasion: he listened to nothing but jealousy, and breathed nothing but revenge; but these emotions being somewhat abated, in hopes that there might be calumny, or at least exaggeration in the charges against Lady Chesterfield, he desired her husband to suspend his resolutions, until he was more fully informed of the fact; assuring him, however, that if he found the circumstances such as he had related, he should regard and consult no other interest than his.

Upon this they parted; and Ha-

milton found, on the first enquiry, that almost the whole court was informed of the adventure, to which every one added something in the relation. Resentment and mortification inflamed his heart, and by degrees extinguished every remnant of his former passion.

He might easily have seen her, and made her such reproaches as a man is generally inclined to do on such occasions; but he was too much enraged to afford her any opportunity of entering into an explanation. He considered himself as the only person essentially injured in this affair; for he could never bring his mind to think that the injuries of the husband could be placed in competition with those of the lover.

He hastened to Lord Chesterfield, in the transport of his passion, and told him that he had heard enough to in-

duce him to give such advice, as he should follow himself in the same situation, and that if he wished to save a woman so strongly infatuated, and who perhaps had not yet lost all her innocence, though she had totally lost her reason, he ought not to delay an instant, but immediately to carry her into the country, with the greatest possible expedition, without allowing her the least time to recover her surprise.

Lord Chesterfield readily agreed to follow this advice, which he had already considered as the only counsel a friend could give him; but his lady, who did not suspect he had made this last discovery of her conduct, thought he was joking with her, when he told her to prepare for going into the country in two days. She was the more induced to think so, as it was in the

very middle of an extremely severe winter; but she soon perceived that he was in earnest, and she knew from his air and manner, that he thought he had sufficient reason to treat her in this imperious style; and finding all her relations turning a deaf ear to her complaints, she had no hope left in this universal desertion, but in the tenderness of Hamilton. She imagined, she should hear from him the cause of her misfortunes, of which she was still totally ignorant, and that his love would invent some means or other to prevent a journey, which she flattered herself would even more afflict him than herself; but she was expecting pity from a crocodile.

At last, when she saw the eve of her departure was come; that every preparation was made for a long journey; that she was receiving farewell

visits in form, and that still she heard nothing from Hamilton, both her hopes and her patience forsook her in this wretched situation. A few tears perhaps might have afforded her some relief, but she chose rather to deny herself that comfort, than to give her husband so much satisfaction: Hamilton's conduct, on this occasion, appeared to her unaccountable; and as he still never came near her, she found means to convey to him the following billet.

'Is it possible that you should be 'one of those, who, without vouch-'safing to tell me for what crime I am 'treated like a slave, suffer me to be 'dragged from society? What mean 'your silence and indolence, in a junc-'ture wherein your tenderness ought 'most particularly to appear, and ac-'tively exert itself? I am upon the

'point of departing, and am ashamed 'to think that you are the cause of my 'looking upon it with horror, as I have 'reason to believe, that you are less 'concerned at it than any other per-'son: at least let me know to what 'place I am to be dragged; what is to 'be done with me within a wilderness; 'and, on what account, you, like the 'rest of the world, appear changed in 'your behaviour towards a person, 'whom all the world could not oblige 'to change with regard to you, if 'your weakness or your ingratitude 'did not render you unworthy of her 'tenderness.'

This billet did but harden his heart, and make him more proud of his vengeance: he swallowed down full draughts of pleasure, in beholding her reduced to despair, being persuaded that her grief and the regret she dis-

played for her departure were on account of another person. He felt uncommon satisfaction in having had a share in punishing her, and was particularly pleased with the scheme he had contrived to separate her from a rival, upon the very point perhaps of being made happy. Thus fortified as he was against his natural tenderness, by the severity of jealous resentment, he saw her depart with an indifference, which he did not even attempt to conceal from her: this unexpected treatment, joined to the complication of her other misfortunes, had almost in reality plunged her into despair.

The court was filled with the noise of this adventure; nobody was ignorant of the occasion of this sudden departure, but very few approved of Lord Chesterfield's conduct. In England they looked with astonishment

upon a man who could be so uncivil as to be jealous of his wife; and in the city of London it was a prodigy, till that time unknown, to see a husband have recourse to violent means, to prevent what jealousy fears, and what it always deserves. They endeavoured, however, to excuse poor Lord Chesterfield, as far as they could safely do it, without incurring the public odium, by laying all the blame on his bad education. This made all the mothers vow to God, that none of their sons should ever set a foot in Italy, lest they should bring back with them that infamous custom of laying restraint upon their wives.

As this story for a long time took up the attention of the court, the Chevalier de Grammont, who was not thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars, inveighed more bitterly

than all the citizens of London put together against this tyranny; and it was upon this occasion that he produced new words to that fatal saraband which had unfortunately so great a share in the adventure. The Chevalier passed for the author; but if Saint Evremond had any part in the composition, it certainly was greatly inferior to his other performances, as the reader will see in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE man who believes that his honour depends upon that of his wife is a fool who torments himself, and drives her to despair; but he who, being naturally jealous, has the additional misfortune of loving his wife, and who expects that she should only live for him, is a perfect madman, whom the torments of hell have actually taken hold of in this world, and whom nobody pities. All reasoning and observation on these unfortunate circumstances attending wedlock concur in this, that precaution is vain and useless before the evil, and revenge odious afterwards.

The Spaniards, who tyrannize over their wives, more by custom, than

from jealousy, content themselves with preserving the niceness of their honour by duennas, grates, and locks. The Italians, who are wary in their suspicions, and vindictive in their resentments, pursue a different line of conduct: some satisfy themselves with keeping their wives under locks which they think secure: others in ingenious precautions outdo whatever the Spaniards can invent for confining the fair sex; but the generality are of opinion, that either in unavoidable danger, or in manifest transgression, the surest way is to assassinate.

But ye courteous and indulgent nations, who, far from admitting these savage and barbarous customs, give full liberty to your dear ribs, and commit the care of their virtue to their own discretion; you pass without

alarms or strife your peaceful days, in all the enjoyments of domestic indolence!

It was certainly some evil genius that induced Lord Chesterfield to distinguish himself from his patient and good-natured countrymen, and ridiculously to afford the world an opportunity of examining into the particulars of an adventure, which would perhaps never have been known without the verge of the court, and would every where have been forgotten in less than a month; but now, as soon as he had turned his back, in order to march away with his prisoner, and the ornaments she was supposed to have bestowed upon him, God only knows, what a terrible attack there was made upon his rear: Rochester, Middlesex, Sedley, Etherege, and the whole band

of wits, exposed him in numberless ballads, and diverted the public at his expence.

The Chevalier de Grammont was highly pleased with these lively and humourous compositions; and wherever this subject was mentioned, never failed to produce his supplement upon the occasion: 'It is strange,' said he, 'that the country, which is little bet-'ter than a gallows or a grave for 'young people, is allotted in this land 'only for the unfortunate, and not for 'the guilty! poor Lady Chesterfield, 'for some unguarded looks, is imme-'diately seized upon by an angry hus-'band, who will oblige her to spend 'her Christmas at a country-house, a 'hundred and fifty miles from London; 'while here, there are a thousand ladies 'who are left at liberty to do whatever 'they please, and who indulge in that

'liberty, and whose conduct, in short, 'deserves a daily bastinado. I name 'no person, God forbid I should; but 'Middleton, Denham, the queen's and 'the duchess's maids of honour, and a 'hundred others, bestow their favours 'to the right and to the left, and not 'the least notice is taken of their con-'duct. As for Lady Shrewsbury, she 'is conspicuous. I would lay a wager 'she might have a man killed for her 'every day, and she would only hold 'her head the higher for it: one would 'suppose she imported from Rome ple-'nary indulgences for her conduct. 'There are three or four gentlemen 'who wear an ounce of her hair in 'bracelets, and no person finds any 'fault. And yet shall such a cross-'grained fool as Chesterfield be per-'mitted to exercise an act of tyranny, 'altogether unknown in this country,

'upon the prettiest woman in England,
'and all for a mere nothing? But I am
'his humble servant; his precautions
'will avail him nothing; on the con-
'trary, very often a woman, who had
'no bad intentions when she was suf-
'fered to remain in tranquillity, is
'prompted to such conduct by revenge,
'or reduced to it by necessity: this is
'as true as the gospel: hear now
'what Francisco's saraband says on the
'subject.

'Tell me, jealous-pated swain,
What avail thy idle arts,
To divide united hearts?
Love, like the wind, I trow,
Will, where it listeth, blow;
So, prithee, peace, for all thy cares are vain.

When you are by,
Nor wishful look, be sure, nor eloquent sigh,
Shall dare those inward fires discover,
Which burn in either lover:

Yet Argus' self, if Argus were thy spy,
Should ne'er, with all his mob of eyes,
Surprise.

Some joys forbidden,
Transports hidden,
Which love, through dark and secret ways,
Mysterious love, to kindred souls conveys.'

The Chevalier de Grammont passed for the author of this sonnet: neither the justness of the sentiment, nor turn of it, are surprisingly beautiful; but as it contained some truths that flattered the genius of the nation, and pleased those who interested themselves for the fair sex, the ladies were all desirous of having it to teach their children.

During all this time, the Duke of York, not being in the way of seeing Lady Chesterfield, easily forgot her: her absence, however, had some cir-

cumstances attending it, which could not but sensibly affect the person who had occasioned her confinement; but there are certain fortunate tempers to which every situation is easy; they feel neither disappointment with bitterness, nor pleasure with acuteness. In the mean time, as the duke could not remain idle, he had no sooner forgotten Lady Chesterfield, but he began to think of her whom he had been in love with before, and was upon the point of relapsing into his old passion for Miss Hamilton.

There was in London a celebrated portrait painter called Lely, who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Vandyke's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Vandyke's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess

of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects. Every picture appeared a master-piece; and that of Miss Hamilton appeared the highest finished: Lely himself acknowledged, that he had drawn it with a particular pleasure. The Duke of York took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original: he had very little reason to hope for success; but at the same time that his hopeless passion alarmed the Chevalier de Grammont, Lady Denham thought proper to renew the negotiation which had so unluckily been interrupted: it was soon brought to a conclusion; for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling.

Every thing succeeded prosperously on one side; yet I know not what fatality obstructed the pretensions of the other. The duke was very urgent with the duchess to put Lady Denham in possession of the place which was the object of her ambition; but as she was not guarantee for the performance of the secret articles of the treaty, though till this time she had borne with patience the inconstancy of the duke, and yielded submissively to his pleasure; yet, in the present instance, it appeared hard and dishonourable to her, to entertain near her person a rival, who would expose her to the danger of acting but a second part in the midst of her own court. However she saw herself upon the point of being forced to it by authority, when a far more unfortunate obstacle for ever bereft poor Lady Denham of the hopes

of possessing that fatal place which she had solicited with such eagerness.

Old Denham, naturally jealous, became more and more suspicious, and found that he had sufficient ground for being so; his wife was young and handsome, he old and disagreeable: what reason then had he to flatter himself that Heaven would exempt him from the fate of husbands in the like circumstances? This he was continually repeating to himself; but when compliments were poured in upon him from all sides, upon the place his lady was going to have near the duchess's person, he formed ideas of what was sufficient to have made him hang himself, if he had possessed the resolution. The traitor chose rather to exercise his courage against another. He wanted precedents for putting in practice his resentments in a privileged country:

Rocquet Sc.

MISS BROOK, LADY DENHAM.

From an Original Painting in the Poſſeſsion of Sr. Brook Boothby Bart.

the present representative of the Brook family.

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that of Lord Chesterfield was not sufficiently bitter for the revenge he meditated: besides, he had no country-house to which he could carry his unfortunate wife. This being the case, the old villain made her travel a much longer journey without stirring out of London. Merciless fate robbed her of life, and of her dearest hopes, in the bloom of youth.

As no person entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood had a design of tearing him in pieces, as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drank at any burial in England.

While the town was in fear of some great disaster, as an expiation for these

fatal effects of jealousy, Hamilton did not feel altogether so easy as he flattered himself he should after the departure of Lady Chesterfield. He had only consulted the dictates of revenge in what he had done: his vengeance was satisfied; but such was far from being the case with his love; and having, since the absence of her he still loved, notwithstanding his resentments, leisure to make those reflections which a recent injury will not permit a man to attend to: 'Wherefore,' said he to himself, 'was I so eager to make 'her miserable, who alone, however 'culpable she may be, has it in her 'power to make me happy? Cursed 'jealousy! yet more cruel to those 'who torment, than to those who are 'tormented! What have I gained, by 'having blasted the hopes of a more 'happy rival, since I was not able to

'accomplish this without depriving 'myself, at the same time, of her, in 'whom the whole happiness and com- 'fort of my life was centered?'

Thus, clearly proving to himself, by a number of other unseasonable arguments of the same kind, that in such an engagement it was much better to share with another than to have nothing at all, his mind was filled with vain regret and unprofitable remorse, when he received a letter from her who occasioned them, but a letter so exactly adapted to increase these feelings, that, after he had read it, he looked upon himself as the greatest scoundrel in the world. Here it follows:

'You will, no doubt, be as much 'surprised at this letter, as I was at 'the unconcerned air with which you 'beheld my departure. I am willing

'to believe, that you had imagined 'reasons, which, in your own mind, 'justified such unseasonable conduct. 'If you are still under the impression 'of such barbarous sentiments, it will 'afford you pleasure to be made ac- 'quainted with what I suffer in the 'most horrible of prisons. Whatever 'the country affords most melancholy, 'at this season, presents itself to my 'view on all sides: surrounded by im- 'passable roads, out of one window I 'see nothing but rocks, out of another 'nothing but precipices; but wherever 'I turn my eyes within doors, I meet 'those of a jealous husband, still more 'insupportable than the dreary pros- 'pects which surround me. I should 'add, to the misfortunes of my life, 'that of seeming criminal in the eyes 'of a man who ought to have justified 'me, even against convincing appear-

'ances; if by avowing my innocence 'I had a right to complain or to ex- 'postulate. But how is it possible for 'me to justify myself at such a dis- 'tance? and how can I flatter myself, 'that the description of a most dread- 'ful prison will not prevent you from 'listening to me? But do you deserve 'that I should wish you did? Heavens! 'how I should hate you, if I did not 'love you to distraction. Come, there- 'fore, and see me once more, that 'you may hear my justification; and 'I am convinced, that if after this 'visit you find me guilty, it will not 'be with respect to yourself. Our 'Argus sets out to-morrow for Ches- 'ter, where a law-suit will detain him 'a week: I know not whether he will 'gain it; but I am sure it will be en- 'tirely your fault, if he does not lose

'one, for which he is at least as anxi-
'ous as that he is now going after.'

This letter was sufficient to make a man run blindfold into an adventure still more rash than that which was proposed to him, and that was rash enough in all respects: he could not perceive by what means she could justify herself; but as she assured him he should be satisfied with his journey, this was all he desired at present.

There was one of his relations with Lady Chesterfield, who, having accompanied her in her exile, had gained some share in their mutual confidence; and it was through her means he received this letter, with all necessary instructions about his journey and his arrival. Secrecy being the soul of such expeditions, especially before the affair is brought to a conclusion, he

took post, and set out in the night, animated by the most tender and flattering hopes, so that, in less than no time, almost, in comparison with the distance and the badness of the roads, he had travelled a hundred and fifty tedious miles: at the last stage he prudently dismissed the post-boy. It was not yet day-light, and therefore, for fear of the rocks and precipices mentioned in her letter, he proceeded with tolerable discretion, considering he was in love.

By this means, he fortunately escaped all the dangerous places, and, according to his instructions, alighted at a little cottage adjoining the park wall. The place was not magnificent; but, as he only stood in need of repose, it did well enough for that: he did not wish for day-light, and was even still less desirous of being seen;

wherefore, having shut himself up in this secure retreat, he fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake until noon. Feeling particularly hungry when he awoke, he ate and drank heartily; and, as he was the neatest man at court, and was expected by the neatest lady in England, he spent the remainder of the day in dressing himself, and in making all those preparations which the time and place permitted, without deigning once to look around him, or to ask his landlord a single question. At last, the orders he expected with great impatience were brought him, in the early part of the evening, by a servant, who, attending him as a guide, after having led him for about half an hour in the dirt, through a park of vast extent, brought him at last into a garden, into which a little door opened: he

was posted exactly opposite to this door, by which, in a short time, he was to be introduced to a more agreeable situation; and here his conductor left him. The night advanced, but the door never opened.

Though the winter was almost over, the cold weather seemed only to be beginning: he was up to his knees in mud, and soon perceived, that if he continued much longer in this garden, it would all be frozen. This beginning of a very dark and bitter night would have been unbearable to any other; but it was nothing to a man who made himself sure of passing the remainder of it in the height of bliss. However, he began to wonder at so many precautions in the absence of a husband: his imagination, by a thousand delicious and tender ideas, supported him some time against the torments of im-

patience and the inclemency of the weather; but he felt his imagination, notwithstanding, cooling by degrees; and two hours, which seemed to him as tedious as two whole ages, having passed, and not the least notice being taken of him, either from the door, or from the window, he began to reason with himself upon the posture of his affairs, and what was the fittest conduct for him to pursue in this emergency: 'What if I should rap at this 'cursed door,' said he; 'for if my fate 'requires that I should perish, it is at 'least more honourable to die in the 'house, than to be starved to death in 'the garden: but, then,' continued he, 'I may thereby, perhaps, expose 'a person whom some unforeseen acci-'dent may, at this very instant, have 'reduced to greater perplexity than 'even I myself am in.' This thought

supplied him with a necessary degree of patience and fortitude against the enemies he had to contend with; he therefore began to walk quickly to and fro, with the resolution to wait, as long as he could keep alive, the end of an adventure, which had such an uncomfortable beginning. All this was to no purpose; for though he was muffled up in a thick cloak, and used every effort to keep himself warm, yet he began to be benumbed in all his limbs, and the cold gained the ascendancy over all his amorous vivacity and eagerness. Day began to break, and judging now, that though the accursed door should even be opened, he could derive no advantage from it, he returned, as well as he could, to the place from whence he had set out upon this wonderful expedition.

All the faggots that were in the

cottage were hardly able to unfreeze him: the more he reflected on his adventure, the more strange and unaccountable did the circumstances attending it appear; but so far from accusing the charming countess, he suffered a thousand different anxieties on her account. Sometimes he imagined that her husband might have returned unexpectedly; sometimes, that she might suddenly have been taken ill; in short, that some insuperable obstacle had unluckily interposed, and prevented his happiness, notwithstanding his mistress's kind intentions towards him. 'But wherefore,' said he, 'did she forget me in that cursed gar-'den? Is it possible that she could not 'find a single moment to make me at 'least some sign or other, if she could 'neither speak to me, nor give me ad-'mittance?' He knew not which of

these conjectures to rely upon, or how to answer his own questions; but as he flattered himself that every thing would succeed better the next night, after having vowed not to set foot again into that unfortunate garden, he gave orders to be waked as soon as any person should enquire for him; he then laid himself down in one of the worst beds in the world, and slept as soundly as if he had been in the best. He supposed that he should not be awakened, but either by a letter or a message from Lady Chesterfield; but he had scarce slept two hours, when he was roused by the sound of the horn and the cry of the hounds. The hut, which afforded him a retreat, joining, as we before said, to the park-wall, he called his host, to know what was the occasion of that hunting, which made a noise, as if the whole pack of

hounds had been in his bed-chamber, He was told, that it was my lord hunting the hare in his park. What lord? said he, in great surprise. The Earl of Chesterfield, replied the peasant. He was so astonished at this, that at first he hid his head under the bed-clothes, almost fancying that he already saw him entering with all his hounds; but as soon as he had a little recovered himself, he began to curse capricious fortune, no longer doubting but this jealous fool's return had been the cause of all his tribulation during the preceding night.

It was not possible for him to sleep again, after such an alarm; he therefore got up, that he might revolve in his mind all the stratagems that are usually employed, either to deceive, or to remove out of the way a jealous scoundrel of a husband, who thought

fit to neglect his law-suit, in order to plague his wife. He had just finished dressing himself, and was beginning to question his landlord, when the same servant, who had conducted him to the garden, delivered him a letter, and disappeared, without waiting for an answer. This letter was from his relation, and was to this effect:

'I am extremely sorry that I have 'innocently been accessary to bringing 'you to a place, to which you were 'only invited to be laughed at: I op- 'posed this journey at first, though I 'was then persuaded it was wholly 'suggested by her tenderness, but she 'has now undeceived me. She glories 'in the trick she has played you: her 'husband has not stirred from hence, 'but stays at home, out of complaisance 'to her. He treats her in the most 'affectionate manner; and it was upon

'their reconciliation, that she found 'out that you had advised him to carry 'her into the country. She has con- 'ceived such hatred and aversion 'against you for it, that I find, from 'her discourse, she has not yet wholly 'satisfied her resentment. Console 'yourself for the hatred of a creature, 'whose heart never merited your ten- 'derness. Begone: a longer stay in 'this place will but draw upon you 'some fresh misfortune. For my part, 'I shall soon leave her; I know her, 'and I thank God for it: I do not re- 'pent having pitied her at first; but I 'am disgusted with an employment 'which but ill agrees with my way of 'thinking.'

Upon reading this letter, astonishment, shame, hatred, and rage, seized at once upon his heart: then menaces, invectives, and the desire of ven-

geance, broke forth by turns, and excited his passion and resentment; but after deliberately considering the matter, the whole ended in his determining quietly to mount his horse, and in carrying back with him to London a severe cold, instead of the tender and flattering hopes he had brought from thence. He quitted this perfidious place with much greater expedition than he had used to get to, though his mind was now far from being occupied with such tender and agreeable ideas. However, when he thought himself at a sufficient distance to be out of danger of meeting Lord Chesterfield and his hounds, he stopped to look back, that he might at least have the satisfaction of seeing the prison where this wicked enchantress was confined; but what was his surprise, when he saw a very fine house, situated on the banks

of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable. Neither rock, nor precipice, was here to be seen; for, in reality, they only existed in the letter of his perfidious mistress. This furnished fresh cause of resentment and confusion to a man, who thought himself so well acquainted with all the wiles, as well as weaknesses, of the fair sex; and who now found himself the dupe of a coquette, who was reconciled to her husband, in order to be revenged on her lover.

At last he reached London, well furnished with arguments to maintain, that a man must be extremely weak to trust to the tenderness of a woman who has once deceived him; but that he must be a complete madman to run after her.

This adventure not being much to his credit, he suppressed, as much as

possible, both the journey, and the circumstances attending it; but, as we may easily suppose Lady Chesterfield made no secret of it, it soon came to the king's ears, who, having complimented Hamilton upon it, desired to be informed of all the particulars of the expedition. The Chevalier de Grammont happened to be present at this recital; and, having gently inveighed against the treacherous manner in which he had been used, said: 'If she is to be blamed for carrying 'the jest so far, you are no less to be 'blamed for coming back so suddenly, 'like an ignorant novice: I dare lay 'an hundred guineas, she has more 'than once repented of a resentment 'which you pretty well deserved for 'the trick you had played her. Wo-'men love revenge, but their resent-'ments seldom last long; and, if you

'had remained in the neighbourhood 'till the next day, I will be hanged if 'she would not have given you satis- 'faction for the first night's sufferings.' Hamilton being of a different opinion, the Chevalier de Grammont resolved to maintain his assertion by a case in point; and, addressing himself to the king: 'Sire,' said he, 'your majesty, 'I suppose, must have known Marion 'de l'Orme, the most charming crea- 'ture in all France: though she was 'as witty as an angel, she was as ca- 'pricious as a devil. This beauty hav- 'ing made me an appointment, a whim 'seized her to put me off, and to give 'it to another; she therefore sent me 'one of the tenderest billets in the 'world, full of the grief and sorrow 'she was in, by being obliged to dis- 'appoint me, on account of a most 'terrible head-ach, that obliged her to

'keep her bed, and would deprive her 'of the pleasure of seeing me till the 'next day. This head-ach, coming so 'suddenly, appeared to me very sus-'picious; and, never doubting but it 'was her intention to jilt me: very 'well, madam coquete, said I to my-'self, if you do not enjoy the plea-'sure of seeing me this day, you shall 'not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing 'another.

'Hereupon, I detached all my ser-'vants, some of whom patroled about 'her house, whilst others watched her 'door: one of the latter brought me 'intelligence, that no person had gone 'into her house all the afternoon; but 'that a foot-boy had gone out as it 'grew dark; that he followed him as 'far as the Ruë Saint Antoine, where 'this boy met another, to whom he 'only spoke two or three words. This

'was sufficient to confirm my suspi-
'cions, and make me resolve, either
'to make one of the party, or to dis-
'concert it.

'As the bagnio where I lodged was
'at a great distance from the Marais,
'as soon as the night set in I mounted
'my horse, without any attendant.
'When I came to the Place-Royale,
'the servant, who was centinel there,
'assured me that no person had yet
'gone into Mademoiselle de l'Orme's
'house. I rode forward towards the
'Ruë Saint Antoine; and, just as I
'was going out of the Place-Royale, I
'saw a man on foot coming into it,
'who concealed himself from me as
'much as he possibly could, but he
'did not succeed; I knew him to be
'the Duke de Brissac, and I no longer
'doubted but he was my rival that
'night. I then approached towards

'him, seeming as if I was afraid of 'mistaking my man, and, alighting 'with a very busy air: Brissac, my 'friend, said I, you must do me a 'service of the very greatest impor-'tance; I have an appointment, for 'the first time, with a girl who lives 'very near this place, and, as this visit 'is only to concert measures, I shall 'make but a very short stay. Be so 'kind, therefore, as to lend me your 'cloak, and walk my horse about a 'little, until I return; but, above all, 'do not go far from this place. You 'see that I use you freely like a friend; 'but you know, it is upon condition 'that you take the same liberty with 'me. I took his cloak without wait-'ing for his answer, and he took my 'horse by the bridle, and followed me 'with his eye. But he gained no in-'telligence by this; for, after having

'pretended to go into a house opposite 'to him, I slipped under the piazzas to 'Mademoiselle de l'Orme's, where the 'door was opened as soon as I knock-'ed. I was so much muffled up in 'Brissac's cloak, that I was taken for 'him: the door was immediately shut, 'and not the least question asked me; 'and, having none to ask myself, I 'went straight to the lady's chamber. 'I found her reclining upon a couch, 'in the most agreeable and elegant 'dishabille imaginable. She never in 'her life looked so handsome, nor was 'so greatly surprised; and, seeing her 'speechless and confounded: What is 'the matter, my fair one? said I, me-'thinks this is a head-ach very ele-'gantly set off; but your head-ach, to 'all appearance, is now gone? Not in 'the least, said she, I can scarce sup-'port it, and you will oblige me in

'going away, that I may go to bed.
'As for your going to bed, to that I
'have not the least objection, said I;
'but, as for my going away, that can-
'not be, my little princess: the Che-
'valier de Grammont is no fool; a
'woman does not dress herself with so
'much care for nothing. You will
'find, however, said she, that it is for
'nothing; for you may depend upon
'it that you shall be no gainer by it.
'What! said I, after having made me
'an appointment! Well, replied she
'hastily, though I had made you fifty,
'it still depends upon me, whether I
'choose to keep them, or not, and you
'must submit if I do not. This might
'do very well, said I, if it was not to
'give it to another. Mademoiselle de
'l'Orme, as haughty as a woman of
'the greatest virtue, and as passionate
'as one who has the least, was irritat-

'at a suspicion, which gave her more
'concern than confusion. Seeing that
'she was beginning to put herself in
'a passion, Madam, said I, pray do
'not talk in so high a strain; I know
'what perplexes you: you are afraid
'lest Brissac should meet me here;
'but you may make yourself easy on
'that score: I met him not far from
'this place, and, thank God, I have so
'managed the affair as to prevent his
'visiting you soon. Having spoken
'these words in a tone somewhat tra-
'gical, she appeared concerned at
'first, and, looking upon me with
'surprise: What do you mean, about
'the Duke de Brissac? said she. I
'mean, replied I, that he is at the end
'of the street, walking my horse
'about; but, if you will not believe
'me, send one of your own servants
'thither, or look at his cloak which I

'left in your antichamber. Upon this, 'she burst into a fit of laughter, in 'the midst of her astonishment, and, 'throwing her arms round my neck: 'My dear Chevalier, said she, I can 'hold out no longer; you are too ami- 'able and too eccentric not to be par- 'doned. I then told her the whole 'story: she was ready to die with 'laughing; and, parting very good 'friends, she assured me, my rival 'might exercise horses as long as he 'pleased, but that he should not set 'his foot within her doors that night.

'I found the duke exactly in the 'place where I had left him: I asked 'him a thousand pardons for having 'made him wait so long, and thanked 'him a thousand times for his com- 'plaisance. He told me, I jested; 'that such compliments were unne- 'cessary among friends; and, to con-

'vince me that he had cordially ren-
'dered me this piece of service, he
'would, by all means, hold my horse
'while I was mounting. I returned
'him his cloak, bid him good night,
'and went back to my lodgings,
'equally satisfied with my mistress
'and my rival. This, continued he,
'proves that a little patience and ad-
'dress is sufficient to disarm the anger
'of the fair, and to turn even their
'tricks to a man's advantage.'

It was in vain that the Chevalier de Grammont diverted the court with his stories, improved it by his example, and never appeared there but to inspire universal joy; for a long time he was the only foreigner in fashion. Fortune, jealous of the justice which is done to merit, and desirous of seeing all human happiness depend on her caprice, raised up against him two

competitors for the pleasure he had long exclusively enjoyed of entertaining the English court; and these competitors were so much the more dangerous, as the reputation of their several merits had preceded their arrival, and disposed the suffrages of the court in their favour.

They came to display, in their own persons, whatever the most accomplished either among the men of the sword, or of the gown. The one was the Marquis de Flamarens, the sad object of the sad elegies of the Countess de la Suze: the other was the president Tambonneau, the most humble and most obedient servant and shepherd of the beauteous Luynes. As they arrived together, they exerted every endeavour to shine in concert. Their talents however were as different as their persons: Tambonneau, who was

tolerably ugly, founded his hopes upon a great store of wit, which, however, no person but himself could find out; and Flamarens, by his air and mien, courted admiration, which was flatly denied him.

They had agreed mutually to assist each other in order to succeed in their intentions; and, therefore, in their first visits, the one appeared in state, and the other was the spokesman. But they found the ladies in England of a very different taste from those who had rendered them famous in France: the rhetoric of the one had no effect on the fair sex, and the fine mien of the other distinguished him only in a minuet, which he first introduced into England, and which he danced with tolerable success. The English court had been too long accustomed to the solid wit of Saint Evremond, and the

natural and singular charms of his hero, to be seduced by appearances: however, as the English have, in general, a sort of prejudice in favour of any thing that smells of the gladiator, Flamarens was better received on account of a duel, which, obliging him to leave his own country, was a recommendation to him in England.

Miss Hamilton had, at first, the honour of being distinguished by Tambonneau, who thought she possessed a sufficient share of wit to discover the delicacy of his; and, being delighted to find that nothing was lost in her conversation, either as to the turn, the expression, or beauty of the thought, he frequently did her the favour to converse with her. Perhaps, he would never have found out that he was tiresome, if, contenting himself with

the display of his eloquence, he had not thought proper to attack her heart. This was carrying the matter a little too far for Miss Hamilton, who then began to think that she had shewn too much complaisance for the figures of his rhetoric: he was, therefore, desired to try somewhere else the experiment of his seducing tongue, and not to lose the merit of his former constancy by an infidelity which would be of no advantage to him.

He followed this advice like a wise and tractable man; and some time after, returning to his old mistress in France, he began to lay in a store of politics for those important negociations, in which he has since been employed.

It was not till after his departure that the Chevalier de Grammont heard

of the amorous declaration he had made: this was a confidence of no great importance; it, however, saved Tambonneau from some ridicule which might have fallen to his share before he went away. His colleague, Flamarens, deprived of his support, soon perceived that he was not likely to meet in England with the success he had expected, both from love and fortune. But Lord Falmouth, ever attentive to the glory of his master, by affording relief to illustrious men in distress, provided for his subsistence, and Lady Southesk for his pleasures: he obtained a pension from the king, and from her every thing he could desire; and most happy was it for him that she had no other present to bestow but that of her heart.

It was at this time that Talbot, who has been already mentioned, and

was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel, fell in love with Miss Hamilton. There was not a more genteel man at court: he was only the younger brother of a family certainly very ancient, but which was not very considerable either for its renown or its riches. However absent he might be in other respects, he was not at all so in what regarded his own interests, and being much in favour with the Duke of York, and fortune likewise favouring him at play, he had improved both so well, that he was in possession of about two thousand pounds a year in land. He offered himself to Miss Hamilton, with this fortune, together with the almost certain hopes of being made a peer of the realm, by his master's credit; and, over and above all, as many sacrifices as she could desire of Lady Shrews-

bury's letters, pictures, and hair; curiosities which, indeed, are reckoned for nothing in house-keeping, but which testify strongly in favour of the sincerity of a lover.

Such a rival was not to be despised; and the Chevalier de Grammont thought him the more dangerous, as he perceived that Talbot was desperately in love; that he was not a man to be discouraged by a first repulse; that he had too much sense and good breeding to draw upon himself either contempt or coldness by too great eagerness; and, besides this, his brothers began to frequent the house. One of these brothers was almoner to the queen, an intriguing Jesuit, and a great match-maker: the other was, what was called, a lay-monk, who had nothing of his order, but the libertinism and infamy of character which is

ascribed to them; withal, frank and free, and sometimes entertaining, but ever ready to speak bold and offensive truths, and to do good offices.

When the Chevalier de Grammont reflected upon all these things, there certainly was strong ground for uneasiness: nor was the indifference which Miss Hamilton shewed to the addresses of his rival sufficient to remove his fears; for being entirely dependant on her relations, she could only answer for her own intentions: but Fortune, who seemed to have taken him under her protection in England, now delivered him from all his uneasiness.

Talbot had for many years stood forward as the patron of the distressed Irish. This zeal for his countrymen was certainly very commendable in itself; at the same time, however, it

was not altogether free from self-interest. For, out of all the estates he had, through his interest, obtained the partial restoration of to their owners, he had always taken care to secure some small compensation for himself; but, as each owner found his advantage in it, no complaint was made. Nevertheless, as it is very difficult to use fortune and favour with moderation, and not to swell with the gales of prosperity, some of his proceedings had an air of independence, which offended the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as injurious to his Grace's authority. The Duke resented this behaviour with great spirit. As there certainly was a great difference between them, both as to their rank and credit, it would have been prudent in Talbot to have had recourse to apologies and submis-

sion; but such conduct appeared to him base, and unworthy of a man of his importance to submit to. Having in consequence made use of some expressions, which it neither became him to utter, nor the Duke of Ormond to forgive, he was sent prisoner to the Tower, from whence he could not be released, until he had made all necessary submissions to his Grace: he therefore employed all his friends for that purpose, and was obliged to yield more, to get out of this scrape, than would have been necessary to have avoided it. By this imprudent conduct, he lost all hopes of marrying into a family, which, after such a proceeding, was not likely to listen to any proposal from him.

It was with great difficulty and mortification that he was obliged to suppress a passion, which had made

far greater progress in his heart, than this quarrel had done good to his affairs. This being the case, he was of opinion that his presence was necessary in Ireland, and that he was better out of the way of Miss Hamilton, to remove those impressions which still troubled his repose: his departure, therefore, soon followed this resolution.

Talbot played deep, and was rather forgetful: the Chevalier de Grammont won three or four hundred guineas of him the very evening on which he was sent to the Tower. That accident had made him forget his usual punctuality in paying, the next morning, whatever he had lost over night; and this debt had so far escaped his memory, that it never once occurred to him after he was enlarged. The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw him at his departure,

without his taking the least notice of the money he owed him, wished him a good journey; and, having met him at court, after he had taken his leave of the king: 'Talbot,' said he, 'if my 'services can be of any use to you, 'during your absence, you have but 'to command them: you know, old 'Russell has left his nephew as his re-'sident with Miss Hamilton: if you 'please, I will act for you in the same 'capacity. Adieu, God bless you: be 'sure not to fall sick upon the road; 'but if you should, pray remember me 'in your will.' Talbot, who upon this compliment immediately recollected the money he owed the Chevalier, burst out a laughing, and embracing him: 'My dear Chevalier,' said he, 'I 'am so much obliged to you for your 'offer, that I resign you my mistress, 'and will send you your money in-

'stantly.' The Chevalier de Grammont possessed a thousand of these genteel ways of refreshing the memories of those persons who were apt to be forgetful in their payments. The following is the method he used some years after, with Lord Cornwallis: this lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, treasurer of the king's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, was very extravagant, loved gaming, lost as much as any one would trust him, but was not quite so ready in paying. His father-in-law disapproved of his conduct, paid his debts, and gave him a lecture at the same time. The Chevalier de Grammont had won of him a thousand or twelve hundred guineas, which he heard no tidings of, although he was

upon the eve of his departure, and he had taken leave of Cornwallis in a more particular manner than any other person. This obliged the Chevalier to write him a billet, which was rather laconic. It was this:

'My Lord,

'Pray remember the Count de 'Grammont, and do not forget Sir 'Stephen Fox.'

To return to Talbot: he went away more concerned than became a man who had voluntarily resigned his mistress to another: neither his stay in Ireland, nor his solicitude about his domestic affairs, perfectly cured him; and if at his return he found himself disengaged from Miss Hamilton's chains, it was only to exchange them for others. The alteration that had

taken place in the two courts, occasioned this change in him, as we shall see in the sequel.

We have hitherto only had occasion to mention two of the queen's maids of honour, Miss Stewart and Miss Warmestré: the others were Miss Bellenden, Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, all maids of honour, as it pleased God.

Miss Bellenden was no beauty, but a good-natured girl, whose chief merit consisted in being plump and fresh coloured; and who, not having a sufficient stock of wit to be a coquette in form, used all her endeavours to please every person by her complaisance. Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, both French, had been preferred to their places by the queen dowager: the first was a little Brunette, who was continually

meddling in the affairs of her companions; and the other persisted in claiming the rank of a maid of honour, though she only lodged with the others, and both her title and functions were constantly disputed by them.

It was hardly possible for a woman to be more ugly with so fine a shape; but as a recompense, her ugliness was set off with every art. The use she was put to, was to dance with Flamarens; and sometimes, towards the conclusion of a ball, possessed of castagnets and effrontery, she would dance some figured saraband or other, which amused the court. We shall see presently in what manner all these ladies were disposed of.

As Miss Stewart was very seldom in waiting on the queen, she was scarcely considered as a maid of honour: the others went off almost at

Bocquet Sc.

MARY KIRK.

From an Original Picture by Sir Peter Lely

in the Poſſeſsion of the Late G. Drummond Eſq^r. at Stanmore.

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the same time, in consequence of different adventures. Here follows the history of Miss Warmestré, whom we have before mentioned, on account of her acquaintance with the Chevalier de Grammont.

Lord Taaffe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, was supposed to be in love with her; and Miss Warmestré not only imagined that he was so, but likewise persuaded herself that he would not fail to marry her the first opportunity; and in the mean time, she thought it her duty to entertain him with all the civility imaginable. Taaffe had made the Duke of Richmond his confidant: these two were particularly attached to each other; but still more so to the bottle. The Duke of Richmond, notwithstanding his birth, made but a poor figure at court; the king respected him

still less than his courtiers did: and perhaps it was to improve himself in his majesty's favour, that he thought proper to fall in love with Miss Stewart. The duke and Lord Taaffe made each other the confidants of their respective engagements; and these were the measures they took to put their designs in execution. Little Mademoiselle de la Garde was charged to acquaint Miss Stewart that the Duke of Richmond was dying of love for her, and that when he ogled her in public, it was a certain sign that he was ready to marry her, whenever she would consent.

Taaffe had no commission to give the little ambassadress for Miss Warmestré; for there every thing was already arranged; but she was charged to settle and provide some conveniencies which were still wanting for the

freedom of their commerce, such as to have free ingress and egress to and from her at all hours of the day or night; this appeared difficult to be obtained, but it was however at last accomplished.

The governess of the maids of honour, who for the world would not have connived at any thing that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided that their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of native oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine: she was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away: as soon therefore as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company.

It was much about the time that the Chevalier de Grammont had cast his eyes upon Miss Warmestré, that this kind of life was led in her apartments. God knows how many hampies, bottles of wine, and other products of his liberality, were there consumed!

In the midst of these nocturnal festivals, and of this innocent commerce, a relation of Killegrew's came up to London about a law-suit: he gained his cause, but nearly lost his senses.

He was a country gentleman, who had been a widower about six months, and was possessed of an estate of a thousand a year: the good man, who had no business at court, went thither merely to see his cousin Killegrew, who would have willingly dispensed with his visits. He there saw Miss

Warmestré; and at first sight fell in love with her. His passion encreased to such a degree, that having no rest either by day or night, he was obliged to have recourse to extraordinary remedies; he therefore early one morning called upon his cousin Killegrew, told him his case, and desired him to demand Miss Warmestré in marriage for him.

Killegrew was struck with wonder and astonishment when he heard his design: nor could he cease wondering at what sort of creature, of all the women in London, his cousin had resolved upon marrying. It was some time before he could believe that he was in earnest; but when he was convinced that he was serious, he began to represent to him the dangers and inconveniences attending so rash an enterprize. He told him, that a girl edu-

cated at court, was a terrible piece of furniture for the country; that to carry her thither against her inclination, would as effectually rob him of his happiness and repose, as if he was transported to hell; that if he consented to let her stay in town, he needed only compute what it would cost him in equipage, table, clothes and card-money to maintain her, according to her caprices; and then to cast up how long his thousand a year would last.

His cousin had already made this calculation; but, finding his reason less potent than his love, he remained fixed in his resolution; and Killegrew, yielding at length to his importunities, went and offered his cousin, bound hand and foot, to the victorious fair. As he dreaded nothing so much as a compliance on her part, so nothing could

astonish him more than the contempt with which she received his proposal. The scorn with which she refused him, made him believe that she was sure of Lord Taaffe, and wonder how a girl like her could find out two men who would venture to marry her. He hastened to relate this refusal, with all the most aggravating circumstances, as the best news he could carry to his cousin; but his cousin would not believe him: he supposed that Killegrew disguised the truth, for the same reasons he had already alledged, and not daring to mention the matter any more to him, he resolved to wait upon her himself. He summoned all his courage for the enterprise, and got his compliment by heart; but as soon as he had opened his mouth for the purpose, she told him he might have saved himself the trouble of calling upon her

about such a ridiculous affair, that she had already given her answer to Killegrew; and that she neither had, nor ever should have, any other to give; which words she accompanied with all the severity with which importunate demands are usually refused.

He was more affected than confounded at this repulse. Every thing became odious to him in London, and he himself more so than every thing else: he therefore left town, without taking leave of his cousin, and returned home; and thinking it would be impossible for him to live without the inhuman fair, he resolved to neglect no opportunity in his power to hasten his death.

But whilst, in order to indulge his sorrow, he had forsaken all intercourse with his dogs and horses; that is to say, renounced all the delights and

endearments of a country squire, the scornful nymph, who was certainly mistaken in her reckoning, took the liberty of being brought to-bed in the face of the whole court.

An adventure so public made no small noise, as we may very well imagine. All the prudes at court at once let loose their tongues upon it; and those principally, whose age or persons secured them from any such scandal, were the most inveterate, and cried most loudly for justice. But the governess of the maids of honour, who might have been called to an account for it, affirmed, that it was nothing at all, and that she was possessed of circumstances which would at once silence all censorious tongues. She had an audience of the queen, in order to unfold the mystery; and related to her majesty how every thing had passed

with her consent, that is to say, upon honourable terms.

The queen sent to enquire of Lord Taaffe, whether he acknowledged Miss Warmestré for his wife: to which he most respectfully returned for answer, that he neither acknowledged Miss Warmestré nor her child, and that he wondered why she should rather father it upon him than any other. The unfortunate Warmestré, more enraged at this answer than at the loss of such a lover, quitted the court as soon as she was able, with a resolution of quitting the world the first opportunity.

Killegrew, being upon the point of setting out upon a journey when this adventure happened, thought he might as well call upon his afflicted cousin in his way, to acquaint him with the circumstance. As soon as he saw him, without paying any attention to the

delicacy of his love, or to his feelings, he bluntly told him the whole story: nor did he omit the use of any colouring that could heighten his indignation, in order to make him burst with shame and resentment.

We read that the gentle Tiridates quietly expired upon the recital of the death of Mariamne; but Killegrew's fond cousin, falling devoutly upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, poured forth this exclamation:

'Praised be the Lord for a trifling 'misfortune which perhaps may prove 'the comfort of my life! Who knows 'but the beauteous Warmestré will 'now accept of me for a husband; 'and that I may have the happiness 'of passing the remainder of my days 'with the woman I adore, and by 'whom I may expect to have heirs?'

'Certainly,' said Killegrew, more con-

founded than his cousin ought to have been on such an occasion, 'you 'may depend upon having both: I 'make no manner of doubt but she 'will marry you, as soon as she 'recovers from her lying-in; and 'it would be great ill-nature in her, 'who already knows the way, to let 'you want children: however, in 'the mean time, I advise you to 'take that she has already, till you get 'more.'

Notwithstanding this raillery, all that was said did take place. This faithful lover courted her, as if she had been the chaste Lucretia, or the beauteous Helen: his passion even increased after marriage, and the generous fair, attached to him at first from gratitude, soon became so through inclination, and never brought him a child of which he was not the father;

and though there has been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest.

Sometime after, Miss Bellenden, not dismayed by this example, had the prudence to quit the court before she was obliged so to do: the disagreeable Bardou followed her soon after, but for different reasons. Every person was at last completely tired of her saraband, as well as of her face; and the king, that he might see neither of them any more, gave her a small pension for her subsistence. There now only remained little Mademoiselle de la Garde to be provided for. Neither her virtues nor her vices were sufficiently conspicuous to occasion her being either dismissed from court, or pressed to remain there: God knows what would have become of her, if a Mr. Silvius, a man who had nothing of

the Roman about him but the name, had not taken the poor girl to be his wife.

We have now shewn how all these damsels deserved to be expelled, either for their irregularities, or for their ugliness; notwithstanding those who replaced them found means to make them regretted, Miss Wells only excepted.

This was a tall girl, exquisitely shaped: she dressed well, and walked like a goddess; and yet, her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that pleased the least: nature had spread over it a certain careless indolence that made her look sheepish. This gave but a bad opinion of her understanding: and her conversation had the ill-luck to confirm that opinion. However, as she was fresh coloured, and appeared in-

experienced, the king, whom the fair Stewart did not render over nice as to the mental perfections of his mistresses, resolved to try whether the senses would not fare better with Miss Wells's person, than fine sentiments with her understanding. This experiment was not attended with much difficulty. She was of a loyal family; and her father having faithfully served Charles the First, she thought it her duty to be equally obedient to Charles the Second. But this connexion was not attended with very advantageous circumstances for her: some said that she did not hold out long enough, and that she surrendered at discretion before she was vigorously attacked; and others said, that his majesty complained of certain other facilities still less pleasing. The Duke of Buckingham made a couplet upon this occa-

sion, wherein the king, speaking to Progers, the confidant of his intrigues, puns upon the name of the fair one, to the following purport:

When the king felt the horrible depth of this Well,
Tell me, Progers, cried Charley, where am I? oh tell!
Had I sought the world's center to find, I had found it,
But this Well! ne'er a plummet was made that could sound it.

Miss Wells, notwithstanding this punning upon her name, and these remarks upon her person, shone the brightest among her new companions. These were Miss Livingston, Miss Fielding, and Miss Boynton, who little deserve to be mentioned in these memoirs; therefore we shall leave them in obscurity until it please fortune to draw them out of it.

This was the new establishment of maids of honour to the queen. The Duchess of York, nearly about the same time, likewise recruited hers; but shewed, by a happier and more brilliant choice, that England possessed an inexhaustible stock of beauties. But before we begin to speak of them, let us see who were the first maids of honour to her royal highness, and on what account they were removed.

Besides Miss Blague and Miss Price, whom we have before mentioned, the establishment was composed of Miss Bagot and Miss Hobart, the president of the community.

Miss Blague, who never knew the true reason of her quarrel with the Marquis de Brisacier, fancied it arose from the fatal letter which she had received from him, wherein, without acquainting her that Miss Price was

to wear the same sort of gloves and yellow riband as herself, he had only complimented her upon her hair, her fair complexion, and her eyes *marcassins*. This word she imagined must signify something particularly wonderful, since her eyes were compared to it; and being desirous, sometime afterwards, to know the full meaning of the expression, she asked the meaning of the French word *marcassin*. As there are no wild boars in England, those to whom she addressed herself, told her that it signified a young pig. This scandalous simile confirmed her in the belief she entertained of his perfidy. Brisacier, more amazed at her change, than she was offended at his supposed calumny, looked upon her as a woman still more capricious than insignificant, and never troubled himself more about her; but Sir —— Yar-

borough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage while she was at the height of her resentment, and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce.

Miss Price was witty; and as her person was not very likely to attract many admirers, which however she was resolved to have, she was far from being coy, when an occasion offered; she did not so much as make any terms. She was violent in her resentments, as well as in her attachments, which had exposed her to some inconveniences; and she had very indiscreetly quarrelled with a young girl whom Lord Rochester admired. This connexion, which till then had been a secret, she had the imprudence to make public, and thereby drew upon herself the

most dangerous enemy in the world: never did any man write with more ease, spirit, and delicacy; but never did any one use the scourge of satire more severely.

Poor Miss Price, who had thus voluntarily provoked his resentment, was daily exposed in some fresh shape: there was every day some new song or other, the subject of which was her conduct, and the burden her name. How was it possible for her to bear up against these attacks, in a court, where every one was eager to obtain the most insignificant trifle that came from the pen of Lord Rochester? The loss of her lover, and the discovery that attended it, was only wanting to complete the persecution that was raised against her.

About this time died Dongan, a young gentleman of merit, who was

E. Bartolozzi Sc.

MISS PRICE.

From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely.

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succeeded by Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham, in the post of lieutenant of the duke's life guards. Miss Price having tenderly loved him, his death plunged her into the deepest despair; but the inventory of his effects had almost deprived her of her senses. There was in it a certain little casket sealed up on all sides; it was addressed in the deceased's own hand writing to Miss Price: but instead of receiving it, she had not even the courage to look at it. The governess thought it became her in prudence to receive it, on Miss Price's refusal, and her duty to deliver it to the duchess herself, supposing it was filled with many curious and precious commodities, of which perhaps she might make some advantage. Though the duchess was not altogether of the same opinion, she had the curiosity to see what were the

contents of a casket sealed up in a manner so particularly careful, and therefore caused it to be opened in the presence of some ladies, who happened then to be in her closet.

All kinds of love trinkets were found in it; and the whole of them, it appeared, came from the tender-hearted Miss Price. It was difficult to comprehend how a single person could have furnished so great a collection; for, besides a number of pictures, there was hair of all descriptions, wrought into bracelets, lockets, and into a thousand other different devices wonderful to behold. After these were three or four packets of letters of the most tender nature, and full of raptures and languors so naturally expressed, that the duchess could not endure the reading of any more than the two first.

Her royal highness was sorry that she had caused the box to be opened in the presence of such good company; for being before such witnesses, she rightly judged, it was impossible to stifle the adventure; and, at the same time, as it was impossible to think of retaining any longer such a maid of honour, Miss Price had her valuables restored to her, with orders to go and finish her lamentations, or to console herself for the loss of her lover, in some other place.

Miss Hobart's character was at that time as uncommon in England, as her person was singular, in a country, where to be young, and not to be in some degree handsome, is a reproach: she had a good shape, rather a bold air, and a good understanding well cultivated, without possessing much discretion. She was possessed of a

great deal of vivacity, with an irregular fancy: there was a great deal of fire in her eyes, which, however, produced no effect upon the beholders; and she had a tender heart, whose sensibility, according to the scandalous chronicle, was exhibited only to favourites of her own sex.

Miss Bagot was the first that gained her tenderness and affection, which she returned at first with equal warmth and sincerity; but perceiving that all her friendship was insufficient to repay that of Miss Hobart, she yielded the conquest to the governess's niece, who thought herself as much honoured by it, as her aunt thought herself obliged by the care she took of the young girl.

It was not long before the report, whether true or false, of this singularity, spread through the whole court,

where people, being yet so uncivilized as never even to have heard of that refinement in love of ancient Greece, imagined that the illustrious Hobart, who seemed so particularly attached to the fair sex, was in reality something more than she appeared to be.

Satirical ballads soon began to compliment her upon these new attributes; and upon the insinuations that were therein made, her companions began to be afraid of her. The governess, alarmed at these reports, consulted Lord Rochester upon the danger to which her niece was exposed. She could not have applied to a fitter person: he immediately advised her to take her niece out of the hands of Miss Hobart; and contrived matters so well, that she fell into his own. The duchess, who had too much generosity not to treat as visionary what

was imputed to Miss Hobart, and too much justice to condemn her upon the faith of lampoons, removed her from the society of the maids of honour, to be an attendant upon her own person.

Miss Bagot was the only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty, among these maids of honour; she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion, which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without having any thing to blush for. Lord Falmouth cast his eyes upon her: his addresses were better received than those of Miss Hobart, and some time after Cupid raised her from the post of maid of honour to the duchess, to

a rank which might have been envied by all the young ladies in England.

The Duchess of York, in order to form her new court, resolved to see all the young persons that offered themselves, and without regard to recommendations, to choose none but the handsomest.

At the head of this new assembly appeared Miss Jennings and Miss Temple; and indeed they so entirely eclipsed the other two, that we shall speak of them only.

Miss Jennings, adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth, had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen; her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen: there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which entirely did away that appearance of in-

sipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finish to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of the spring, 'such as youthful 'poets fancy when they love.' But as it would have been unjust that a single person should have engrossed all the treasures of beauty without any defect, there was something wanting in her hands and arms to render them worthy of the rest: her nose was not the most elegant, and her eyes gave some relief, whilst her mouth and her

other charms pierced the heart with a thousand darts.

With this amiable person she was full of wit and sprightliness, and all her actions and motions were unaffected and easy. Her conversation was bewitching, when she had a mind to please; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery; but as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she began to speak frequently before she had done thinking, her expressions did not always convey what she wished; sometimes exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas.

Miss Temple, nearly of the same age, was brown compared with the other: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was the outward form; but it would be difficult to describe the rest;

for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very self-sufficient, and very silly.

As soon as these new stars appeared at the duchess's court, all eyes were fixed upon them, and every one formed some design upon one or other of them, some with honourable, and others with dishonourable intentions. Miss Jennings soon distinguished herself, and left her companions no other admirers but such as remained constant from hopes of success: her brilliant charms attracted at first sight, and the charms of her wit secured her conquests.

The Duke of York having persuaded himself that she was part of his property, resolved to pursue his claim by the same title whereby his brother had appropriated to himself

the favours of Miss Wells; but he did not find her inclined to enter into his service, though she had engaged in that of the duchess. She would not pay any attention to the perpetual ogling with which he at first attacked her. Her eyes were always wandering on other objects, when those of his royal highness were looking for them; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes.

Miss Jennings had both virtue and pride, and the proposals of the duke

were consistent with neither. Although from her great vivacity it might have been supposed that she was not capable of much reflexion, yet she had furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age. The first was, that a lady ought to be young to enter the court with advantage, and not old to leave it with a good grace: that she could not maintain herself there, but by a glorious resistance, or by illustrious foibles; and that in so dangerous a situation, she ought to use her utmost endeavours not to dispose of her heart, until she gave her hand.

Entertaining such sentiments, she had far less trouble to resist the duke's temptations, than to disengage herself from his perseverance: she was deaf to all treaties for a settlement,

with which her ambition was tempted; and offers of presents succeeded still worse. What was then to be done to conquer an extravagant virtue that would not hearken to reason? The Duke was ashamed to suffer a giddy young girl to escape, whose inclinations ought in some manner to correspond with the vivacity that shone forth in all her actions, and who nevertheless thought proper to be serious, when seriousness was the last thing that was required of her.

After he had attentively considered her obstinate behaviour, he thought that writing might perhaps succeed, though ogling, speeches, and embassies had failed. Paper receives every thing, but it unfortunately happened that she would not receive the paper. Every day, billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and most magnifi-

cent promises, were slipped into her pockets, or into her muff. This however could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gipsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened. She only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief, and as soon as his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hail-stones, and whoever pleased might pick them up. The duchess was frequently a witness of this conduct; but could not find in her heart to chide her for her want of respect to the duke. After this, the charms and prudence of Miss Jennings became the sole subjects of conversation in the two courts: the courtiers could not comprehend how a young creature, brought directly from the country to court, should so soon become its ornament by her attractions, and its example by her conduct.

The king thought, that those who had attacked her had ill concerted their measures; he thought it unnatural that she should neither be tempted by promises, nor gained by importunity: she, especially, who in all probability had not imbibed such severe precepts from the prudence of her mother, who had never tasted any thing more delicious than the plums and apricots of Saint Albans. Being resolved to try her himself, he was particularly pleased with the great novelty that appeared in the turn of her wit, and in the charms of her person; and curiosity, which at first induced him to make the trial, was soon changed into a desire of succeeding in the experiment. God knows what might have been the consequence, for he greatly excelled in wit, and besides he was king: two qualities of no small consideration.

The resolutions of the fair Jennings were commendable and very judicious; but yet she was wonderfully pleased with wit; and royal majesty, prostrate at the feet of a young person, is very persuasive. Miss Stewart, however, would not give her consent to the king's project.

She immediately took the alarm, and desired his majesty to leave to his brother the care of tutoring the duchess's maids of honour, and only to attend to the management of his own flock, unless his majesty would in return allow her to listen to certain proposals of a settlement which she did not think disadvantageous. This menace being of a serious nature, the king obeyed; and Miss Jennings had all the additional honour which arose from this adventure: it both added to her reputation, and increased the number of her

admirers. Thus she continued to triumph over the liberties of others, without losing her own: her hour was not yet come, but it was not far distant: the particulars of which we shall relate, as soon as we have given some account of the conduct of her companion.

NOTES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 2. *Miss Hamilton.*] Elizabeth, sister of the author of these Memoirs, and daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, the first Earl of Abercorn, by Mary, third daughter of Thomas, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. She married Philibert, Count de Grammont, the hero of these Memoirs, by whom she had two daughters: Claude Charlotte, married, 3d April, 1694, to Henry, Earl of Stafford; and another, who became superior, or abbess, of the Chanonesses in Lorain.

P. 7. *Lady Muskerry.*] Lady Margaret, only child of Ulick, fifth Earl of Clanricarde, by Lady Anne Compton, daughter of William, Earl of Northampton. She was three times married: 1. To Charles, Lord Viscount Muskerry; who lost his life in the

great sea fight with the Dutch, 3d June, 1665. 2. In 1676, to Robert Villiers, called Viscount Purbeck, who died in 1685. 3. To Robert Fielding, Esq. She died in August, 1698. Lord Orford, by mistake, calls her Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. (See Note on p. 101, Vol. III.)

Ibid. *Miss Blague.*] It appears by *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, that this lady, or perhaps her sister, continued one of the duchess's maids of honour at that period. The list, at that time, was as follows: 1. Mrs. Arabella Churchill. 2. Mrs. Dorothy Howard. 3. Mrs. Anne Ogle. 4. Mrs. Mary Blague. The mother of the maids then, was Mrs. Lucy Wise. Miss Blague performed the part of Diana, in Crown's Calisto, acted at court in 1675; and was then styled late maid of honour to the *queen*. Lord Orford, however, it should be observed, calls her Henrietta Maria, daughter of Col. Blague. It appears she became the wife of Sir Thomas Yarborough of Snaith, in Yorkshire. She was also, he says, sister of the wife of Sydney, Lord Godolphin. That no-

bleman married, according to Collins, in his Peerage, Margaret, at that time maid of honour to Catherine, Queen of England, fourth daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Thomas Blague, Esq. groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I. and Charles II. colonel of a regiment of foot, and governor of Wallingford, during the civil wars; and governor of Yarmouth, and Landguard Fort, after the Restoration.

P. 15. *Prince Rupert.*] Grandson of James the First, whose actions during the civil wars are well known. He was born 19th Dec. 1619, and died at his house in Spring Garden, Nov. 22, 1682. Lord Clarendon says of him, that 'He was rough and passionate, and loved not debate; liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it; and was so great an enemy to Digby and Colepepper, who were only present in the debates of the war with the officers, that he crossed all they proposed. *History of the Rebellion,* Vol. II. 554. He is supposed to have invented the art of metzotinto. (See note on p. 101, Vol. III.)

P. 16. *Lord Thanet.*] This nobleman, I believe, was John Tufton, second earl of Thanet, who died 6th May, 1664. Lord Orford, however, imagines him to have been Nicholas Tufton, the third Earl of Thanet, his eldest son, who died 24th Nov. 1679. Both these noblemen suffered much for their loyalty.

P. 17. *Young wild boars' eyes.*] Marcassin is French for a wild boar: the eyes of this creature being remarkably small and lively, from thence the French say, 'Des yeux marcassins,' to signify *little, though roguish eyes*; or, as we say, *pigs' eyes.*

P. 22. *Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the Duchess.*] Our author's memory here fails him: Miss Price was maid of honour to the queen. Mr. Granger says, 'there was a Lady Price, a fine woman, who was daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup; concerning whom, see Wood's Fasti Oxon. II. 184. Her father had the vanity to think that Charles II. would marry her, though he had then a queen. There were letters of his wherein he mentioned, that 'his daughter was one

night and t'other with the king, and very graciously received by him.' *History of England*, Vol. IV. p. 338.

P. 30. *Duchess of Newcastle.*] This fantastic lady, as Lord Orford properly calls her, was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas; and had been one of the maids of honour to Charles the First's queen, whom she attended when forced to leave England. At Paris she married the Duke of Newcastle, and continued in exile with him until the Restoration. After her return to England, she lived entirely devoted to letters, and published many volumes of plays, poems, letters, &c. She died in 1673; and was buried in Westminster abbey. Lord Orford says, there is a whole length of this duchess at Welbeck, in a theatric dress, which, tradition says, she generally wore.

P. 36. *The uncle.*] John Russell, third son of Francis, the fourth Earl of Bedford, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. He died unmarried in Nov. 1681.

P. 37. *His nephew.*] William, eldest son

of Edward Russell, younger brother of the above John Russell. He was standard-bearer to Charles II. and died unmarried 1674. He was elder brother to Russell, Earl of Orford.

P. 42. *Henry Howard.*] This was Henry Howard, brother to Thomas, Earl of Arundel; who, by a special act of parliament, in 1664 was restored to the honours of the family, forfeited by the attainder of his ancestor, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On the death of his brother, in 1677, he became Duke of Norfolk; and died January 11, 1683-4, at his house in Arundel-street, aged 55.

P. 46. *Toulongeon will die without my assistance.*] Count de Toulongeon was elder brother to Count Grammont, who by his death, in 1679, became, according to St. Evremond, on that event, one of the richest noblemen at court. See a Letter of St. Evremond to the Count on this event. *St. Evremond's Works,* Vol. II. p. 327.

Ibid. *Semeac.*] A country seat, belonging to the family of the Grammonts.

P. 48. *He was extremely handsome.*] George Villiers, the second Duke of Buck-

ingham, was born 30 Jan. 1627. Lord Orford observes, 'When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers; or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue: but when Alcibiades turns chymist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character.'

'The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy, that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden catched the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance.' *Royal Authors*, Vol. II. p. 78.

Of these four portraits, the second is in the text: the other three will complete the character of this extraordinary nobleman.—

Bishop Burnet says, he 'was a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature; only he was drawn into chymistry: and for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone; which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship:—pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion, was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct: he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the king; and for many years he had a great ascendant over him: but he spake of him to all persons with

that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided, as ever it had been courted. *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 137.

Dryden's character of him is in these lines:

'In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes:

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.'

Absalom and Achitophel.

Pope describes the last scene of this nobleman's life in these lines:

'In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies:—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!

Gallant and gay, in Clievedon's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.'

Moral Essays, Epist. 3. l. 229.

He died 16th April, 1688, at the house of a tenant at Kirby Moor Side, near Helmsly in Yorkshire, aged 61 years, and was buried in Westminster abbey.

Though this note is already long, the reader will hardly complain at an extension of it, by the addition of one more character of this licentious nobleman, written by the able pen of the author of Hudibras: 'THE DUKE OF BUCKS is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has

dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases), which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being sick and tired with the old. Continual wine, women, and music, put false values upon things, which by custom become habitual, and debauch his understanding so, that he retains no right notion, nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it; so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess, and variety to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the

new style; and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartar customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark; and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely that come and go; but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. Paul, though in a different

sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains.' *Butler's Posthumous Works*, Vol. II. p. 72.

P. 49. *Lord Arlington.*] Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, principal secretary of state, and lord chamberlain to king Charles II. A nobleman whose practices during that reign, have not left his character free from reproach. Mr. Macpherson says of him, that he 'supplied the place of extensive talents by an artful management of such as he possessed. Accommodating in his principles, and easy in his address, he pleased when he was known to deceive; and his manner acquired to him a kind of influence where he commanded no respect. He was little calculated for bold measures, on account of his natural timidity; and that defect created an opinion of his moderation, that was ascribed to virtue. His facility to

adopt new measures was forgotten in his readiness to acknowledge the errors of the old. The deficiency of his integrity was forgiven in the decency of his dishonesty. Too weak not to be superstitious, yet possessing too much sense to own his adherence to the church of Rome, he lived a protestant in his outward profession, but he died a Catholic. Temerity was the chief characteristic of his mind; and that being known, he was even commanded by cowards. He was the man of the least genius of the party; but he had most experience in that slow, and constant current of business, which, perhaps, suits affairs of state better than the violent exertions of men of great parts.' *Original Papers*, Vol. I. Lord Arlington died July 28th, 1685. See a character of him in Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works.

P. 52.—*he sent to Holland for a wife.*] This lady was Isabella, daughter to Lewis de Nassau, Lord Beverwaert, son to Maurice, Prince of Orange, and Count Nassau. By her, Lord Arlington had an only daughter named Isabella, who married August 1, 1672,

Henry, Earl of Euston, son to King Charles II. by Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, created afterwards Duke of Grafton; and after his death to Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. She assisted at the coronation of King George I. as Countess of Arlington in her own right, and died February 7th, 1722-3.

P. 52. *Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified,* &c.] Lord Orford says, this was George Hamilton, but it evidently refers to James Hamilton, the eldest brother already mentioned at p. 176 and 252 of Vol. I. Lord Orford, by entirely overlooking the existence of this latter, entangled himself in a web of confusion, from which all his endeavours were unable to extricate him. The whole of the adventures in this book in which the Hamiltons are introduced, evidently relate but to two, James and George; what belongs to each is most clearly and distinctly pointed out by the author at page 186, 187, of the 3d volume.

P. 54. *She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond.*] And second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield. She survived the adventures

here related a very short time, dying in July, 1665, at the age of 25 years.

P. 55. *The Queen was given over by her physicians.*] This happened in October, 1663. Lord Arlington in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, dated the 17th of that month, says, "the condition of the queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery; by the next you will hear she is either in a fair way to it, or dead; to-morrow is a very critical day with her; God's will be done. The king coming to see her this morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him; which hath very much afflicted his majesty, and all the court with him.' *Brown's Miscellanea Aulica,* 1702. p. 306.

P. 58. *The Thames washes the sides of a large, though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain.*] This was Whitehall, which was burnt down, except the banqueting house, 4th January, 1698. *See Harleian Miscellany,* Vol. VI. p. 367.

P. 62. *Monsieur de Comminge.*] This gentleman was ambassador in London from the court of France, during the years 1663,

1664, and 1665. Lord Clarendon speaking of him, describes him as something capricious in his nature, which made him hard to treat with, and not always vacant at the hours himself assigned, being hypochondriac, and seldom sleeping without opium. *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 263.

Ibid. *Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London.*] The writer already quoted, gives this description of the entertainments of this place at this period.

'I did frequently in the spring, accompany my Lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hide Parke; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our Course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour, being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. The parke was (it seemes) used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect: but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here, in England, though it be free in all the world besides, every coach and

horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publicaine, who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves. *A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France,* 12mo. 1659. p. 54.

Ibid. *Coaches with glasses.*] Coaches were first introduced into England in the year 1564. Taylor the water poet, (*Works,* 1630, p. 240) says 'one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement.' Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn by two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham who about 1619, began to draw with six horses. About the same time he introduced the sedan. *The Ultimum Vale of John Carleton,* 4to. 1663. p. 23. will in a great measure ascertain the time of the introduction of glass coaches. He says, 'I could wish her (*i. e.* Mary Carleton's) coach (which she said my Lord Taff bought for

her in England, and sent it over to her, made of *the new fashion with glasse* very stately, and her pages, and lacquies were of the same livery) was come for me, &c.

P. 69.—*the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida.*] This was in 1647. Voltaire says 'he, Condé, was accused upon this occasion in certain books, of a bravado, in having opened the trenches to the music of violins; but these writers were ignorant, that this was the custom of Spain.' *Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 2.

Ibid. *The Marshal de Grammont.*] Anthony, Marechal of France. He appears to have quitted the army in 1672. 'Le Duc de la Feuillade est colonel du regiment des gardes sur la demission volontaire du Marechal de Grammont. *Henault's History of France.* He died 1678.

P. 86.—*description of Lord Chesterfield.*] Philip the second Earl of Chesterfield. He was constituted in 1662 lord chamberlain to the queen, and colonel of a regiment of foot June 13th, 1667. On Nov. 29, 1679, he was appointed lord warden and chief jus-

tice of the king's forests on this side Trent, and sworn of the privy council January 26th, 1680. On Nov. 6th, 1682, he was made colonel of the 3d regiment of foot, which, with the rest of his preferments, he resigned on the accession of James II. He lived to the age of upwards of 80, and died January 28th, 1713, at his house in Bloomsbury-square.

P. 93. *The Duke of York's marriage.*] The material facts in this narrative are confirmed by Lord Clarendon (*Continuation of his Life*, p. 33). It is difficult to speak of the persons concerned in this infamous transaction without some degree of asperity, notwithstanding they are, by a strange perversion of language, styled *all men of honour.*

P. 105. *Lady Carnegy.*] Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegy, Earl of Southesk.

P. 107. *Talbot.*] Afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel. (See note on p. 217.)

P. 111. *The traitor Southesk meditated a revenge.*] Bishop Burnet, taking notice of the Duke of York's amours, says 'a story

was set about, and generally believed, that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton's, suspecting some familiarities between the duke and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife, and was by that means set round till it came to the duchess.—— Lord Southesk was for some years not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted. But I know he has, to some of his friends, denied the whole of the story very solemnly.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 319.

P. 112. *Lady Robarts.*] Lord Orford says this lady was Sarah daughter of John Bodville of Bodville castle in Caernarvonshire, wife of Robert Robarts, who died in the lifetime of his father, and was eldest son of John, Earl of Radnor. This, however, may be doubted. There was no Earl of Radnor until the year 1679, which was after the date of most, if not all the transactions related in this work. Consequently no other person

who could be called Lord Robarts, than John the second lord, who was created Earl of Radnor, with whose character several of the qualities here enumerated, particularly his age, moroseness, &c. will be found to agree. Supposing this to be admitted, the lady will be Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, Knt. second wife of the above John, Lord Robarts, whose character is thus pourtrayed by Lord Clarendon.—'Though of a good understanding, he was of so morose a nature, that it was no easy matter to treat with him. He had some pedantic parts of learning, which made his other parts of judgment the worse. He was naturally proud and imperious, which humour was increased by an ill education; for excepting some years spent in the inns of court, he might be very justly said to have been born and bred in Cornwall. When lord deputy in Ireland, he received the information of the chief persons there so negligently, and gave his answers so scornfully, that they besought the king, that they might not be obliged to attend him any more: but he was not a man that

was to be disgraced, and thrown off without much inconvenience and hazard. He had parts which in council and parliament were very troublesome, for of all men alive who had so few friends, he had the most followers. They who conversed most with him, knew him to have many humours which were very intolerable; they who were but little acquainted with him, took him to be a man of much knowledge, and called his morosity, gravity.' *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 102.

P. 115. *The Earl of Bristol.*] George Digby. The account here given of the practices of this nobleman receives confirmation from Lord Clarendon, who observes of him, 'that he had left no way unattempted to render himself gracious to the king, by saying and doing all that might be acceptable unto him, and contriving such meetings and jollities as he was pleased with.' (*Continuation of his Life*, p. 208.) Lord Orford says of him, that "his life was one contradiction. He wrote against popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a

sacrifice to it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test act though a Roman catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy. *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. II. p. 25. The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent nobleman, who died neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year 1676.

P. 117. *Sir John Denham.*] That Sir John Denham 'had passed his youth in the midst of those pleasures which people at that age indulge in, without restraint;' all his biographers seem to admit, but if our author is to be relied on, Wood's account of the date of his birth, 1615, must be erroneous. He was not loaded with years when he died if that statement is true; and so far from being seventy-nine when he married Miss Brook, he had not attained the age of more

than fifty-three when he died. In this particular I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of Wood, who omits to mention that Sir John had a former wife by whom he had a daughter. In the year 1667, he appears to have been a lunatic either real or feigned. Lord Lisle in a letter to Sir William Temple, dated September 26th, says '—poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish; if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to. Some of his acquaintance say, that extreme vanity was the cause of his madness, as well as it is an effect. *Temple's Works*, Vol. I. p. 484. In Butler's Posthumous Works, Vol. II. p. 155, is an abuse of Sir John Denham, under the title of ' a panegyric upon his recovery from his

madness." Sir John died 19th March, 1668, and was buried in Westminster abbey.

P. 156. *Rochester.*] John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 'a man,' as Lord Orford observes, 'whom the Muses were fond to inspire, and ashamed to avow; and who practised, without the least reserve, that secret, which can make verses more read for their defects, than for their merits;' (*Noble Authors,* Vol. II. p. 43.) was born, according to Burnet and Wood, in the month of April, 1648; but Gadbury, in his almanack for 1695, fixes the date on April 1, 1647, from the information of Lord Rochester himself. His father was Henry, Earl of Rochester, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot. He was educated at Wadham college, Oxford; and, in 1665, went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich; and displayed a degree of valour, which he never shewed at any period afterwards. Bishop Burnet says, he 'was naturally modest, till the court corrupted him. His wit had in it a peculiar brightness, to which none could ever arrive. He gave himself up to all sorts of extravagance; and to the wildest frolies that a wanton wit could

devise. He would have gone about the streets as a beggar, and made love as a porter. He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank. He was for some years always drunk; and was ever doing some mischief. The king loved his company, for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. He took his revenges in many libels. He found out a footman that knew all the court; and he furnished him with a red coat, and a musket, as a centinel; and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the court, a centinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards, to hinder a combat: so this man saw who walked about, and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries. And when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two, to write libels. Once, being drunk, he intended to give the king a libel that he had writ on some ladies; but by a mistake he gave him one written on himself. He

fell into an ill habit of body; and in set fits of sickness he had deep remorses; for he was guilty both of much impiety and of great immoralities. But as he recovered, he threw these off, and turned again to his former ill courses. In the last year of his life, I was much with him; and have writ a book of what passed between him and me: I do very believe, he was then so changed, that, if he had recovered, he would have made good all his resolutions.' *History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 372. On this book mentioned by the bishop, Dr. Johnson pronounces the following eulogium: that it is one 'which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety. It were an injury to the reader to offer him an abridgment.' *Life of Rochester.* Lord Rochester died July 26, 1680.

Ibid. *Middlesex.*] At this time the Earl of Middlesex was Lionel, who died in 1674. The person intended by our author was Charles, then Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Middlesex, and lastly, Duke of Dorset. He was born January 24, 1637.

Bishop Burnet says, he 'was a generous, good-natured man. He was so oppressed with phlegm, that, till he was a little heated with wine, he scarce ever spoke: but he was upon that exaltation a very lively man. Never was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his, joined so much with good-nature as was in himself, even to excess; for he was against all punishing, even of malefactors. He was bountiful, even to run himself into difficulties; and charitable to a fault: for he commonly gave all he had about him when he met an object that moved him. But he was so lazy, that though the king seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post. He hated the court; and despised the king, when he saw he was neither generous, nor tender-hearted.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 370. Lord Orford says of him, that 'He was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling,

the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought: the latter said with astonishment, 'that he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame.' It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.'

Noble Authors, Vol. II. p. 96. Lord Dorset died January 19, 1705-6.

Ibid. *Sedley.*] Sir Charles Sedley was born about the year 1639, and was educated at Wadham college, Oxford. He ran into all the excesses of the times in which he lived. Burnet says, 'Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 372. He afterwards took a more serious turn, and was active against the reigning family at the time of the Revo-

lution; to which he was probably urged by the dishonour brought upon his daughter, created Countess of Dorchester by King James II. A witty saying of Sedley's on this occasion is recorded. 'I hate ingratitude, 'and therefore, as the King has made my 'daughter a countess, I will endeavour to 'make his daughter a queen,' meaning the Princess Mary, married to the Prince of Orange. Lord Rochester's lines on his powers of seduction are well known. He died 20th August, 1701.

Ibid. *Etherege.*] Sir George Etheredge, author of three comedies, was born about the year 1636. He was in James the Second's reign employed abroad; first, as envoy to Hamburgh, and afterwards as minister at Ratisbon, where he died about the time of the Revolution. The authors of the *Biographia Britannica* say that his death happened in consequence of an unlucky accident; for that, after having treated some company with a liberal entertainment at his house there (Ratisbon) where he had taken his glass too freely, and being, through his great complaisance, too forward in waiting on his guests

at their departure, flushed as he was, he tumbled down stairs, and broke his neck, and so fell a martyr to jollity and civility.

P. 161. *A celebrated portrait painter called Lely.*] Sir Peter Lely was born at Soest, in Westphalia, 1617, and came to England in 1641. Lord Orford observes, 'If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural: his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant; his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was in truth the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please as much more, as they evidently meaned to please: he caught the reigning character, and

——on the animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the court of Paphos, and ought to be engraved for the memoirs of its charming biographer, Count Hamilton.' *Anecdotes of Painting*, Vol. III. p. 27. Sir Peter Lely died 1680; and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent-Garden.

P. 165. *Merciless fate robbed her of life.*] The lampoons of the day, some of which are to be found in Andrew Marvell's Works, more than insinuate that she was deprived of life by a mixture infused into some chocolate. The slander of the times imputed her death to the jealousy of the Duchess of York.

P. 182.—*he saw a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable.*] This was Bretby, in the county of Derby. A late traveller has the following reflections on this place: 'Moving back again a few miles to the west, we trace, with sad reflection, the melancholy ruins and destruction of what was once the boasted beauty of the lovely

country, viz. Bretby, the ancient seat of the Earls of Chesterfield. Nothing scarce is left of that former grandeur, those noble shades, those silvan scenes, that every where graced the most charming of all parks: the baneful hand of luxury hath, with rude violence, laid them waste. About ten years ago, the venerable and lofty pile was standing; and exhibited delightful magnificence to its frequent visitors: its painted roofs and walls, besides a large collection of pictures, afforded much entertainment to the fond admirer of antique beauties; and the whole stood as a lasting monument of fame and credit to its lordly owner—Would they were standing now! but that thought is vain: not only each surrounding ornament, but the very stones themselves have been converted to the purpose of filthy lucre.' *Tour in* 1787, *from London to the Western Highlands of Scotland,* 12mo. p. 29.

P. 184. *Marion de l'Orme.*] Marion de l'Orme, born at Chalons in Champagne, was esteemed the most beautiful woman of her times. It is believed that she was secretly married to the unfortunate Mon-

sieur Cinqmars. After his death, she became the mistress of Cardinal Richelieu; and at last of Monsieur d'Emery, superintendant of the finances.

P. 198. *The Marquis de Flamarens.*] The following account of the singular duel which was the occasion of this nobleman coming to England, is extracted from the 'Memoirs of the Count de Rochefort' already quoted.

'A fortnight or three weeks after, as I mentioned before, the quarrel took place between Messrs. de la Frette, which did not terminate very happily. The eldest happened to be present at a ball given at court, which was attended by numerous persons of distinction; on the company leaving the ball room, this haughty man, who owed a grudge to M. de Chalais on account of a mistress, pushed purposely against him; M. de Chalais turning about to know the cause, and discovering La Frette, loaded him with the most opprobrious terms. Had swords been in the way, the affair would have taken a more serious turn, although the scene of action was ill adapted to such sort of discussions; that the ball etiquette however might not be dis-

turbed, La Frette made no reply, but waiting until coming out, then demanded satisfaction. It was in consequence agreed on between them to fight three against three; and a spot being fixed upon, the next morning was appointed for the rencontre, it being then too late. In the mean time, the quarrel having happened too publickly to remain a secret, the king was informed of it, and immediately dispatched the Chevalier St. Agnan to inform La Frette that he forbade his having recourse to the means he proposed to avenge himself, and that if he still persisted in them, he should lose his head. The Chevalier St. Agnan, who was his first cousin, upon meeting with him acquainted him with the commands of the king; to which La Frette made answer, that he considered him too much his friend, to suppose that he would be instrumental in preventing the intended meeting, which was only delayed until daybreak: he added that he had better be himself a party in the contest, and that Chalais would not fail providing a match for him. The Chevalier St. Agnan, without considering that he was sent by the king, and that even allowing

duels had not been so strictly prohibited as they were, he was still involving himself in a difficulty from which he could not hope to extricate himself, agreed to the request, and Chalais had notice given to him to provide him an antagonist. The Marquis de Noirmoustier, his brother-in-law, who was to assist him, being acquainted, as I said before, with the affair which had taken place betwixt La Frette and myself, I occurred to his mind, and he sent for me; but luckily I had been engaged at play at a friend's house until it grew late, and although at Paris it is not very customary to sleep from home, yet as it was reported that robbers were then much abroad, I was prevailed on to take a bed with him: this circumstance saved me, and in this instance I was convinced that fortune, who had long persecuted, was resolved not entirely to abandon me. The eight combatants were La Frette, Ovarti his brother, a lieutenant in the guards, the Chevalier St. Agnan, the *Marquis de Flammarin*, the Prince de Chalais, the Marquis de Noirmoustier, the Marquis d'Antin, brother of Madame de Montespan, and the Viscomte d'Angelieu.

The duel proved fatal only to the Marquis d'Antin, who was killed on the spot, but notwithstanding the rest escaped his fate, they were all severely wounded. The King's anger was excessive, particularly against the Chevalier de St. Agnan, who was, in fact, more blameable than all the rest. Their fate however was equal; their immediate object was to fly the kingdom, disguised, the King having sent orders for their arrest to the seaports and confines of his dominions. Some of them went to Spain, others to Portugal, the remainder elsewhere, as best suited their views. But however desirable a residence in a foreign country may seem, it still savours of banishment, and each had full leisure to repent his folly. No one bestowed any pity on the Chevalier de St. Agnan, thinking he had come off much better than he deserved, neither did Messrs. de la Frette attract much compassion, having always evinced so quarrelsome a disposition, that they could not be better compared than to those horses of a vicious character, who will suffer no others in the same stable with themselves. Respecting the others public opinion took a

different turn; their misfortune was much pitied, and it was hoped it had been possible that the King would have relaxed of his severity towards them. In fact they were all persons of worth, and deserved a better fate. But no person durst mention it to the King; even the Duke de St. Agnan, who was a good deal about his person, was the first to tell his Majesty, that his son's misconduct was of a nature never to be pardoned: that if he were acquainted with his place of retreat, he should be the first to discover it, in order to bring him to justice; that he should not therefore trouble his Majesty with intercessions in his behalf, and believed that every one would incline to his way of thinking. This speech might be very appropriate in the mouth of a courtier who was endeavouring to gain the favour of his prince by every possible means; but very ill becoming a parent, who, instead of blackening the transaction, should have felt it his duty to have represented it in as favourable a light as possible. The relations of Messrs. de la Frette acted differently; they did not dare themselves to speak to the King, but made use of

every possible means to move his compassion. The Duchess de Chaulnes prevailed on her husband, who was ambassador at Rome, to mention it to the Pope, and however much the Holy Father might approve of the King's conduct in this affair, he nevertheless promised his assistance on this occasion: accordingly, a few years after, having occasion to send a legate to France, on different business, and of an import unnecessary to mention here, he was charged to speak to the King on that subject, and to say that he took an interest in it. The Duchess could not have employed an agent whose recommendation would have turned out more efficacious; the Pope had it in his power to absolve the King from his oath, which was supposed to render him so rigid; but he made answer to the legate, that in every other circumstance he would joyfully oblige the Holy Father, but in this affair, he had so bound himself, that God only could discharge him from so solemn an oath. Not that he doubted the authority of the Holy See; but as the duty he owed to God re-

quired him to be a Prince of his word, he firmly believed that the Pope himself would depart from the recommendation if he would but examine into its consequences.'

P. 193. *Countess de la Suze.*] This lady was the daughter of Gaspar de Coligni, Marshal of France, and was celebrated in her time for her wit and her elegies. She was one of the few women with whom Christina, Queen of Sweden, condescended to become intimate. Though educated a protestant, she embraced the Roman catholic religion, less from a motive of devotion, than to have a pretence for parting from her husband, who was a protestant, and for whom she had an invincible abhorrence; which occasioned the queen to say, 'The Countess of Suze became a catholic, that she might neither meet her husband in this world nor the next.' See *Lacombe's Life of Queen Christina.* The countess died in 1673.

Ibid. *Tambonneau.*] I find this person mentioned in Memoirs of the Court of France, 8vo. 1702. Part. II. p. 42.

P. 197. *Talbot, who was afterwards*

created Duke of Tyrconnel.] Richard Talbot, the fifth son 'of an Irish family, but of ancient English extraction, which had always inhabited within that circle, that was called the *Pale;* which being originally an English plantation, was, in so many hundred years, for the most part degenerated into the manners of the Irish, and rose and mingled with them in the late rebellion: and of this family there were two distinct families, who had competent estates, and lived in many descents in the rank of gentlemen of quality.' Thus far Lord Clarendon: who adds, that Richard Talbot and his 'brothers were all the sons, or the grandsons, of one who was a judge in Ireland, and esteemed a learned man.' *Continuation of Clarendon.* Of the person now under consideration, the same writer appears, and with great reason, to have entertained a very ill opinion. Dick Talbot, as he was called, 'was brought into Flanders first by Daniel O'Neile, as one who was willing to assassinate Cromwell; and he made a journey into England with that resolution, not long before his death, and after

it returned into Flanders, ready to do all that he should be required. He was a very handsome young man, wore good clothes, and was without doubt of a clear, ready courage, which was virtue enough to recommend a man to the duke's good opinion; which, with more expedition than could be expected, he got to that degree, that he was made of his bed-chamber; and from that qualification embarked himself, after the king's return, in the pretences of the Irish, with such an unusual confidence, and upon private contracts, with such scandalous circumstances, that the chancellor had sometimes, at the council table, been obliged to give him severe reprehensions; and often desired the duke to withdraw his countenance from him.' *Continuation of Clarendon.* It is to be remembered that he was one of the *men of honour* already noticed. On King James's accession to the throne, he was created Earl of Tyreonnel, and placed as lieutenant-general at the head of the Irish army, where his conduct was so agreeable to his sovereign, that he was in 1689 advanced

to the dignity of Duke of Tyrconnel. He was afterwards employed by the king in Ireland, where his efforts were without effect. The Duke of Berwick says, 'his stature was above the ordinary size. He had great experience of the world, having been early introduced into the best company; and possessed of an honourable employment in the household of the Duke of York; who, upon his succession to the crown, raised him to the dignity of an earl; and well knowing his zeal and attachment, made him soon after viceroy of Ireland. He was a man of very good sense; very obliging, but immoderately vain, and full of cunning. Though he had acquired great possessions, it could not be said that he had employed improper means, for he never appeared to have a passion for money. He had not a military genius; but much courage. After the Prince of Orange's invasion, his firmness preserved Ireland; and he nobly refused all the offers that were made to induce him to submit. From the time of the battle of the Boyne, he sank prodigiously; being become as irresolute in his mind, as unwieldy in his person.' *Me-*

moirs, Vol. I. p. 94. He died at Limerick, 5th August, 1691.

P. 199. *One of these brothers was Almoner to the queen.*] This was Peter Talbot, whose character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in terms not more favourable than those in which his brother is pourtrayed. *See Continuation of Clarendon,* p. 363.

Ibid.—*the other was what was called a laymonk.*] Thomas Talbot, a Franciscan friar, 'of wit enough,' says Lord Clarendon, 'but of notorious debauchery.' More particulars of this man may be found in the same noble historian. *Continuation of Clarendon,* p. 363.

P. 201.—*which offended the Duke of Ormond.*] A very exact account of this transaction is given by Lord Clarendon, by which it appears, that Talbot was committed to the Tower for threatening to assassinate the Duke of Ormond. *Continuation of Clarendon,* p. 362.

P 205. *Lord Cornwallis.*] Charles, the third Lord Cornwallis, born in 1655. He married December 27th, 1673, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, Knight, and afterwards in 1688, the widow of the

Duke of Monmouth. Lord Cornwallis died April 29th, 1698.

P. 205. *Sir Stephen Fox.*] This gentleman is said to have been of a genteel family, settled at Farley in Wiltshire, and was the architect of his own fortune. Lord Clarendon says, in his History of the Rebellion, that he was entertained by Lord Percy, then lord chamberlain of the king's household, at Paris, about the year 1652, and continued in his majesty's service until the Restoration. On that event he was made clerk of the green cloth, and afterwards paymaster-general of the forces in England. On the 1st July, 1665, he was knighted. In 1680, he was constituted one of the lords commissioners of the treasury. On the accession of James II. he was continued first clerk of the green cloth; and in December, 1686, was again appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury. At the revolution, he concurred in voting the throne vacant; and on 19th March, 1689, was a third time appointed to the treasury; which place he held until he retired from public business in 1701. By his first lady he had seven sons and three

daughters; and by his second, whom he married in the year 1703, when he was 76 years of age, he had two sons, who both afterwards became peers, Stephen Earl of Ilchester, and Henry Lord Holland, and two daughters. He died in the year 1716, at Chiswick, in his 89th year.

P. 209. *Lord Taafe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford.*] Nicholas, the third Viscount Taafe, and second Earl of Carlingford. He was of the privy council to King James II. and in 1689, went as envoy to the Emperor Leopold. He lost his life the next year, 1st July, at the battle of the Boyne, commanding at that time a regiment of foot. This nobleman, although he succeeded his father in his title, was not his eldest son. King Charles appears to have had a great regard for the family. In a letter from Lord Arlington to Sir Richard Fanshaw, dated April 21, 1664, that nobleman says, 'Colonel Luke Taafe (a brother of my Lord Carlingford's) hath served his catholic majesty many years in the state of Milan with a standing regiment there; which regiment he desires now to deliver over to Captain Ni-

cholas Taafe, a younger son of my Lord Carlingford's, and the colonel's nephew, who is now a captain of the regiment. And his majesty commands me to recommend to your excellency the bringing this to pass, for the affection he hath to the family, and the merit of this young gentleman.' *Arlington's Letters*, Vol. II. p. 21.

Ibid. *The Duke of Richmond.*] Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox. He was afterwards sent ambassador to Denmark, and died at Elseneur, December 12th, 1672. Burnet says he 'was sent to give a lustre to the negociation, which was chiefly managed by Mr. Henshaw.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 425.

P. 210. *Mademoiselle de la Garde.*] Daughter of Charles Peliot, Lord de la Garde, whose eldest daughter married Sir Thomas Bond, comptroller of the household to the queen-mother. Sir Thomas Bond had a considerable estate at Peckham, and his second son married the niece of Jermyn, one of the heroes of these Memoirs. See *Collins's Baronetage*, Vol. III. p. 4. She be-

came the wife of Sir Gabriel Silvius, and died 13th October, 1730.

P. 212. *A relation of Killegrew's.*] See note on p. 104.

P. 221. *Mr. Silvius.*] Afterwards Sir Gabriel Silvius. *In Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia,* 1669. Gabriel de Sylviis is put down as one of the carvers to the queen, and Mrs. de Sylviis, one of the six chambriers or dressers to the queen. He was afterwards knighted, and 30th February, 1680, was sent ambassador to the Dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburgh. Lord Orford says, he was a native of Orange, and was attached to the princess royal, afterwards to the Duke of York. He also says, he was sent ambassador to Denmark.

P. 224. *Progers.*] Edward Progers, Esq. was in the year 1669, one of the grooms of the bed-chamber to the king. By a letter from Cowley to Henry Bennet, dated 18th November, 1650, Mr. Progers appears to have been then active in his master's service. *Brown's Miscellanea Aulica,* 1702. p. 153. In the lampoons of the times, particularly in

those of Andrew Marvell, Mr. Progers is described as one devoted to assist his master's pleasures. In 1660, he was named, says Lord Orford, one of the knights of the royal oak, an order the king then intended to institute. By the same authority we are informed, that he had permission from the king to build a house in Bushy Park, near Hampton-Court, on condition, that after his death it should revert to the crown. This was the house inhabited by the late Earl of Halifax. Mr. Progers died, says Le Neve, 'December 31st, or January 1st, 1713, aged 96, of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof.' *Monumenta Anglicana*, 1717. p. 273.

P. 228. *Dongan.*] For an account of the services rendered to the royal cause in Ireland during the usurpation, by the father and brother of this Lord Dongan (or Dungan), and for which he was created a Viscount, *See Carte's Life of Ormond*, Vol. II. p. 285, 286. Another Lord Dongan, pro-

bably a brother of the subject of this note, accompanied King James from France into Ireland, in 1689.

Ibid.—*Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham.*] Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, a native of France, being son of the Duke de Duras, and brother to the last duke of that name, as also to the Duke de Lorge. His mother was sister to the great Turenne of the princely house of Bouillon. After the Restoration he came to England, was naturalized, and behaved with great gallantry in the sea fight with the Dutch, in 1665. When he first came to England, he bore the name of Durfort, and the title of Marquis of Blancfort. In the 24th Charles II. he was created Baron Duras of Holdenby, in the county of Northampton; and having married Mary, the eldest daughter and coheir of Sir George Sondes, of Lees Court in the county of Kent, who had been created Earl of Feversham, the same title was limited to him, and he succeeded to it on the death of his father-in-law. Besides these honours, King Charles preferred him to the command of the third

troop of horse guards, afterwards promoted him to the second, and then to the first. In 1679, he was made master of the horse to Queen Katherine, and afterwards lord chamberlain to her majesty. Upon King James's accession he was admitted into the privy council, and was commander in chief of the forces sent against the Duke of Monmouth. After the Revolution, he continued lord chamberlain to the queen-dowager, and master of the royal college of St. Katherine's, near the Tower. He died April 8th, 1709, aged 68, and was buried in the Savoy in the Strand, London; but removed March 21, 1740, to Westminster abbey.

P. 232. *Miss Bagot.*] Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, second Son of Sir Hervey Bagot. She married first Charles Berkley, Earl of Falmouth, and after his death Charles Sackville, who became the first Duke of Dorset. From the pen of a satirist much dependance is not to be placed for the truth of facts. This lady's character is treated by Dryden and Howard with very little respect,

in the following lines extracted from 'The Essay on Satire:'

'Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
Then for one night, sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dosing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes."

P. 235. *Miss Jennings.*] This lady was one of the daughters and coheirs of Richard Jennings of Sundridge, in the county of Hertford, Esq. and elder sister to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. Her name was Frances. She married George Hamilton, mentioned in these Memoirs; and after his death took to her second husband, Richard Talbot already mentioned, created Duke

of Tyrconnel by James II. whose fortunes he followed. Lord Melford, secretary to that prince, appears to have conceived no very favourable opinion of this lady, for in a letter to his master, dated October, 1689, he says, "there is one other thing, if it could be effectuated, were of infinite use; which is the getting the Duchess of Tyrconnel, for her health, to come into France. I did not know she had been so well known here as she is; but the terms they give her, and which for your service, I may repeat unto you, is, that she has *l'ame la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir*. I think it would help to keep that peace so necessary for you, and prevent that caballing humour which has very ill effects." *Macpherson's State Papers*, Vol. I. In 1699, she is mentioned in a letter from the Earl of Manchester to Lord Jersey, as one of the needy Jacobites of King James's court, to whom 3000 crowns, part of that monarch's pension, had been distributed. *Cole's State Papers*, p. 53. In 1705, she was in England; and had an interview with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, with

whose family she seems not to have lived in any terms of cordiality. *Macpherson*, Vol. I. In the latter part of her life, she resided in Ireland; and died there 6th March, 1730-1, at a very advanced age. She was buried in the cathedral of St. Patrick's.

P. 238. *Miss Temple.*] Anne, daughter of Thomas Temple of Frankton, in the county of Warwick; by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew of Beddington, in Surry, knight. She afterwards became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, by whom she had five sons, and eight daughters. She was grandmother of the first Lord Lyttelton; and died 27th August, 1718. Her husband, Sir Charles Lyttelton, lived to the advanced age of 86 years: and died at Hagley, May 2, 1716.

P. 243. *St. Albans.*] This town is in the neighbourhood of Sundridge, where Miss Jennings's family resided.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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